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Russ x Germ

[image]

They are honestly babies okay don't at me
sigh my favorite little babies
———————

Germany looked around the big swarm of people in the tiny living room of Americas apartment. He had no idea why he even came here. Maybe it was to make friends and finally have a social life, or maybe it was just to try and understand why people loved going to these kinds of parties.

Personally Germany found it... rather headache inducing. Now he kind of regrets accepting America's invitation. He could've already gotten so much work done if only he would've said no.

The small German man tried pushing himself out of the crowd but everyone in here seemed to be made of stone, giving Germany a hard time to get himself out of the huge sea of people.

Once Germany finally got out of the huge crowd he could see where the hell he was. No he wasn't actually that short, but everyone else here happens to be taller than him. He started walking around, looking for a place he could be alone for a few minutes before he bumped into the tallest guy he has seen at this stupid party.

Russia turned around at the feeling of someone running into him from behind.
"Германия?" He looked down at the short German, happy to see his old friend again. Germany smiled up at him kindly. Him and Russia were basically inseparable when they were younger, they always did everything together. Even though they weren't related by blood they acted just like brothers.

"You haven't grown one bit," Russia chuckled, leaning down slightly to look at his friend better, and to mock him for his height. Germanys smile fell right as he heard what the Russian said to him.

"Well you're a fucking tree then." Germany mumbled, crossing his arms across his chest while looking away with a little pout.

"You're so adorable, like a little squirrel!" Russia exclaimed loudly, smiling brightly at Germany, being as silly as ever. That's when Germany got an idea.

"And do you know what squirrels do to trees?" the German asked with a smirk.

"No, what?" Russia hummed confused, furrowing his eyebrows and tilting his head to the side a little.

"Germs!" the tall Russian yelled even more confused. Germany began to climb up Russias back, wrapping his arms around his neck almost choking the Russian.

"Stay still, would you? I don't want to break my spine." Germany groaned as he pushed himself up Russias shoulders and sat down.

"Squirrels climb trees!" Germany blurted out, laughing and swinging his legs back and forth slightly. At that Russia started giggling along with his friend, holding his thighs for him not to fall off.

"Oh god Germany- That was a good one," spoke Russia, regaining himself from their little laughing fit. Germany combed his fingers through Russias thick hair, massaging his scalp with his blunt nails. Russia smiled softly, relaxing as he let Germs play with his hair.

"You're so lightweight, have you been eating enough lately?" Germany groaned at Russia, rolling his eyes as he slid down his back again.

"You're not my mom, jeez," the Russian smiled apologetically, but watched the German lean against the wall with concern in his eyes. "Damn, sorry for worrying about you,"

"Thank you very much but I don't want another dad." He sighed and looked at Russia tiredly.

"I know, I know, I just want to make sure my favorite little brother is alright." Russia said, holding Germany's cheek, rubbing it with his

thumb fondly.

"I missed you so much Russ," Germany whispered quietly as he wrapped his arms around the taller man and buried his face in his chest. Russia hugged the German back, laying his chin on the top of Germany's head, smelling the sweet scent of vanilla on his hair.
"I missed you too, моя дорогая"

Big yikes
Also ugh I can't stick to one thing and the whole shit changes halfway through Jesus Christ
I had a rough day

Hungary x Austria

[image] [image]

Thank Jesus for giving me a lot of motivation yesterday
I haven't drawn anything in like 4 months but I did yesterday (even though I put no effort into it and it looks like garbage) cuz I wanted to try out my markers uwu
It's an AU where Hun is a faun and he be a precious little sweetheart
————————-

Austria was getting ready for his daily walk in the forest near the small village he lived in. He took his little basket before saying goodbye to his sister Switzerland and making his way out of their small home.

The path leading to the woods was empty at this time of the day, since it was early in the morning, the other people were just waking up. Austria kept moving forward, smiling as a ginger cat walked towards him. He stopped momentarily to let the small furry animal brush its body against the young Austrians leg. Austria leaned down a little to pet the kittens head before it ran off into the village.

As Austria got deeper into the woods he got more comfortable and started skipping while swinging the basket back and forth. The young country hummed a tune as he peacefully walked further into the forest until he came to the wayside shrine he would usually take a break at.

He looked at the beautiful valley that could be seen from the shrine. The gorgeous view made Austria smile brighter as he let out a content sigh.
The more he looked though, he could slowly recognize something, or someone moving. They were picking some of the pretty flowers. Their skin was a gorgeous pale green color, blending in with the soft grass.

Austria stepped closer, watching his steps as he slowly made his

way down the valley to the other country. As he got closer to them he noticed that they weren't exactly built like a human, which made him stop in his tracks and think a little. What if they were going to hurt him, or maybe steal his things, though, he didn't really have anything with him except a few cents.

Austria tilted his head a little to inspect the other country better from afar. They still haven't noticed the Austrian coming closer, still picking flowers and weaving them together. As Austria wanted to take another step forward he slipped on the moist grass under his feet and fell on his face, letting out a loud shriek.

The noise made the other country turn around quickly and look at Austria with wide eyes as he stepped backwards.

"Nein! Geh bitte nicht! Ich will dir nichts antun!" cried Austria as he looked up at the creature.

The Austrian stayed completely still like he was frozen to not scare the creature away. After a minute or so the other hesitantly moved closer to Austria, sitting down in front of him. The Germanic looked up again to see the creature staring down at him curiously with beautiful emerald eyes.

Austria slowly sat up again, not once breaking eye contact with the country.
He looked at the country's face, their flag was very similar to his own, but with green at the bottom.

The young Austrian figured the creature was most likely a faun. Now he was glad he read all those books about Roman mythology his sister gave him a few years ago. Assuming by the not fully grown horns on the fauns head they must be around Austria's age, he thought.

Austria was completely lost in thought and got startled by the faun placing a flower crown on his head. As they pulled their hands away they smiled brightly at the smaller country's shocked and embarrassed expression.

"Wie heißt du denn?" asked Austria after a short moment of silence.

He was hoping the country understands his language, but the faun just gazed at him with a puzzled expression, one of their ears twitching slightly.

Maybe they could understand English? Austria wasn't really expecting much, thinking they probably had their own language. And he was right, the faun didn't understand English either.

He thought of a way to communicate with the extremely cute looking country when they pulled out a little bottle from the bag hanging around their waist. They shook the bottle around in front of Austria, to tell him to drink it. Austria took the bottle and looked at it before looking up at the faun again questioningly. They pointed at their mouth, nodding their head as Austria took the cork out of the bottle.

He looked back at the country in an unsure manner as he put the nozzle to his mouth and took a sip from the mysterious fluid inside. The taste was slightly bitter but was oddly sweet, it was sweet but a weird kind of sweet. Austria put the cork back on and gave the bottle back to the faun.

"Do you understand me?" spoke the faun suddenly with curious eyes as they stared at Austria again.

"Wait, you can talk!?" Austria looked shocked as ever as he jumped slightly from hearing the smooth voice of the country sitting in front of him.

They giggled softly, shaking their head at the Austrian. "I could always talk, you just couldn't understand me and I couldn't understand you." They finished with a small chuckle.

"W-What's your name?" Austria stuttered, his heart beating faster than before because of the adorable little laughs of the faun.
"My name is Hungary, what's yours?" They smiled brightly, their eyes squinting a bit from the wide grin.
Oh god, Austria was gonna die from a cuteness overload.

"M-mine's Austria.." he mumbled looking down and covering his huge blush with his hands. Hungary climbed closer to Austria

taking his hands into their own and pulling them away from his face before tilting his head up again so Hungary can look at him.
"I like your name." they simply said and scooched back again like nothing happened.

"Oh Gott, rette meine arme Seele" Austria mumbled quietly looking up at the sky for a moment before shaking his head quickly and looking back at Hungary who was weaving another flower crown.

"So uh, do you come here often?" Austria asked out of the blue, awkwardly fidgeting with his fingers and looking down at them.
"No, this is my first time here actually, but I'll definitely come more often if you do too." Hungary said, not looking up from the flowers they were braiding, yet by their voice it was obvious they had a smirk growing on their face.

"W-well I actually come here everyday so you won't have to miss me." Austria stuttered again, trying to match the fauns confidence but failing miserably.
"You're such a cutie." responded Hungary, smiling at the Austrian lovingly, laying the new flower crown on the grass next to them.

Austria slid over to the faun, laying down next to them, watching the fluffy white clouds on the already bright blue sky. That's when he noticed the time, he was late and his sister was probably wondering where he was.

Just as Hungary was gonna lay down next to Austria he sat up again, making the faun raise an eyebrow.
"I'm so sorry, Hungary, it's probably already noon and my sister is waiting for me." He explained very quickly, dusting himself off and grabbing his basket. Hungary stood up too, smiling at him understandingly, taking one of Austria's hands into their own.
"But we'll see eachother tomorrow again, right?" They asked, biting their bottom lip nervously.

"Of course! I'll be here again tomorrow, and maybe I can even stay a little longer." Austria said with a loving smile, quickly hugging the slightly taller faun.

"Bye Hungary." the Austrian said quietly before running ahead back

to the wayside shrine and waving at his new friend from there quickly, making his way back home to his sister who is worried sick.

_____-

This ones loooong
And this AU is so old oh my goodness
I had an idea for faun hungary in summer 2019-
But back then it was faun + steampunk Gary AU so ye kinda made it simpler
And yooo faun Hun is they/them non-binary/doesn't really even have a gender baby

America x Germany

[image]

Some soft angsty fluff to soothe my aching heart
let's just call this a vent okay?
Long and boring-
Also ameger is my new comfort ship fuck everything
———-

Germany had no idea if the loud bangs from outside were thunders or the construction workers breaking something huge. He has been staying in his bedroom for a whole week now, too tired to get up and do anything productive. He assumed it was raining, though he didn't hear it, or see it. Even when he did go out of his room to go to the toilet or occasionally get some snacks he not once considered looking out the window to check the weather.

His eyes felt tired even though he did nothing other than sleep all day. Germany didn't see a reason to get dressed or take a shower in the morning anymore, so he has been wearing the same oversized gray hoodie with only boxers for the past week. He was just about to crawl back into his warm bed when he heard a quiet knock on the door. He was surprised he even heard it that's how quiet it was, but due to him sitting in silence for such a long time it was not that big of a shock.

Germany slowly made his way back to the hallway, wondering who it could be, he didn't remember ordering any food today so that was definitely not it. Before getting to the front door he quickly checked himself out in the mirror on the wall. His jet black hair was greasy and a complete mess, his eyes were barely even open and they looked dull and tired. The boy looked at himself in shame, disappointed in himself for acting so immature when he could be distracting himself with work like he always used to.

He heard a knock again, this time he heard a warm voice say a soft 'open up'.
The young boy took the cold door handle in his hand and hesitantly

opened the door to see his visitor.
"Good afternoon, love," said America as he smiled brightly at the much smaller Germany who was squinting his eyes at the older.
"Was machst du denn hier?" asked the shorter one, glancing down at his feet as he pulled the door open wider to let America in.

"I just wanted to check up on one of my best friends, you know? And I was also craving some cuddles and I thought to myself:" He turned to Germany and laid his hand on his messy back hair, ruffling it a bit, "'why not cuddle with someone who's probably already doing nothing but lay in bed all day?'" he finished off with a smile. Germany's eyes widened, but he quickly closed them again and rubbed them with the heel of his palms.
"How do you know...?" questioned the younger of the two, tiredly looking up at America with a confused but sleepy expression.
America giggled silently, "Germs, I know many things, I also know that you're not doing great right now. So I'm here to help you!" exclaimed America cheerfully.

Germany didn't know how to react, he didn't want a babysitter to look after him. Who told America anyway? He really didn't want to deal with a hyperactive child who's going to talk about his favorite gay characters from some stupid shows. Germany wasn't in the mood to reject him either though.
Oh god he could already feel a headache forming. "And what's with the suitcase and that enormous backpack?" pointed out the German.

"As I said, I wanna help you get better, and I'm pretty sure that won't happen in one day," said America, patting his black suitcase.
God Germany wanted to die right now. "Fine, you have been here before, you know where the guest bedroom is. Make yourself at home or whatever... I'll be in my room." the younger explained annoyed, storming back into his bedroom and slamming the door shut. He planned to go through this alone and suffer on his own.

After a 3 hour long nap Germany woke up to America shaking him awake gently. "Hey, Germ! I made dinner," he whisper-shouted to not irritate his ears or maybe to not make the German even more angry at him. "I don't eat dinners anymore..." he mumbled into his pillow, rolling away from America in his bed. The older fake gasped, "Well that's bullshit! If you don't eat my delicious pasta I

made for us I will get very offended." America humphed, folding his arms. The German couldn't help but groan, covering his head with the blanket. "If you won't get out of your bed in a minute I will carry you." America said sternly.

The shorter boy stretched his arm out from the blanket and started hitting what he assumed was the olders head, "fuck off Ame, I wanna sleep..."
The last thing he heard was a disappointed sigh before he heard the taller one leave the room. Germany would've loved to go back to sleep but he knew he couldn't anymore. He just wanted to cry, he was already feeling horrible and now stupid America had to show up. Don't get him wrong, he loved his friend dearly, he just didn't want anyone to see him in this state.

America came back into Germs' room with two plates of pasta on a tray in his hand. He sat down right in front of the younger one, smiling sweetly as he pushed one of the plates to him. Germany looked at it with a frown, feeling a lump grow in his throat and his stomach twisting. "Amerika, I can't eat this, I- I'm sorry..." America's happy smile turned into a worried one, but he still nodded understandingly.
"Do you think you could eat something like a yogurt?"

Germany shook his head. "The thought of swallowing anything that isn't my own saliva makes me feel sick right now, sorry," muttered the younger, looking away from his friend, "but maybe we could try later?"
The older one nodded softly, placing his own plate on the tray again and bringing it out of the room. Meanwhile Germany slid up to the headboard, leaning his head back, looking up at the ceiling while breathing deep and even breaths to get the stupid lump out of his throat. When America came in for the third time and noticed the German struggling to breathe properly he chuckled softly, "maybe you should open the window to actually get some fresh air," he spoke as he opened the blinds letting the light of the setting sun inside the usually dark room, afterwards he took the handle and opened the window, sighing at the cool breeze hitting his face.

"Do you have any plans for tomorrow? I heard they opened a new café a few blocks away, we could check it out- uh, Germany?"

America glanced back at the smaller boy, seeing him gaze at the picture frames on the wall with a pained smile. The way he was looking at the old photographs, with so many emotions in his glossy golden eyes could break anyone's heart. How he was clenching his belly with his arms and his lower lip in between his teeth to stay quiet. America's gaze turned to the pictures, he will definitely have to put those away for a while. He heard Germany shift on the bed slightly followed by a quiet sniffle. "Ame, I-" the young boy whimpered, cut off by a loud sob, "I miss him, so much."

America was petrified, his heart dropped watching his friend break down in front of him. He had no idea what he should do. He sat down slowly on the bed, listening to Germany cry. "You don't need him Germs..." America tried to comfort him. "I tried everything to make him stay..." he whispered in between quiet hiccups, "and I even thought that things got better. That I finally made him happy... but I guess I didn't." He finished with a weak chuckle.

Germany crawled closer to the other country, sitting down on his lap as he wrapped his shaky arms around the bigger males torso, "I just wanna know what I did wrong..." America rubbed his back as an attempt to soothe him again. "You did nothing wrong, you loved him wholeheartedly, and that's the whole point of being in love anyway, right? Besides, it's his loss..." he murmured into his shoulder. Germany pulled away from the taller country's chest, looking up at his deep ocean blue eyes with his own dull golden ones.

America smiled at the young boy reassuringly, wiping a stray tear running down his cheek. He leaned forward to press his lips to the younger mans forehead sweetly, lingering for a few seconds.

It has been a week since America 'moved in' with Germany. The taller country laid awake in his bed in the guest bedroom Germany told him to use. He just couldn't fall asleep. He couldn't stop thinking about the boy sleeping in the other room. A few nights ago he came to America in tears, asking if he could stay with him for the night. That was only the first time though, Germany slept in his room with him for a few more nights after that. He stopped coming around two days ago, which kind of worried America, but he never mentioned it, even though he missed holding the boy in his arms at

night.

The country rolled out of his bed with a yawn, shuffling all the way to Germany's room. Hesitantly opening the door and peeking inside, he saw Germany glance up at him with tired eyes. "Hey," he rasped out, his voice rough from being half asleep. "Can I come in?" America asked in a hushed tone, already stepping inside the room despite not getting an answer yet. Germany watched carefully as he got closer to his bed, climbing behind him and plopping himself down. He immediately grabbed the younger by the waist and pulled him in, pressing his chest against his little body. "I didn't say yes..." the German grumbled, his accent thicker from exhaustion. "You didn't say no either," said America, snuggling up to the smaller man, feeling the warmth radiate off his little body.

No more words were exchanged between them. They didn't need to speak to understand eachother. Germany gently took America's hand and pulled it up to his face, giving it a soft kiss before intertwining their fingers, and holding their hands to his chest. The taller planted slow kisses on Germany's nape, lulling the German to sleep.

———-
Feels unfinished
But I don't want to continue writing this

Germany x Hungary (smut)

[image]

(Republished)

Gay butt sex

☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★

Germany was staying at Austria and Hungarys house for a few days because of some "emotional-health-issue-things" apparently. Hungary would've not had any problem with it but Germany was just so damn annoying. He was acting all bossy like he was his mother or something.
Austria had to go out grocery shopping because they were low on coffee because obviously the German had to drink coffee every two hours or so.

Hungary doesn't actually have anything against Germany, he was actually a pretty cool dude most of the time in his opinion. Now was not one of those times.
It almost felt like Germany was a girl on her period. Constant mood swings and just annoying as shit.

Currently Hungary was sitting in the living room, legs on the little coffee table, munching on his cold slice of leftover pizza from yesterday. He was making a mess on the couch but he didn't really give a fuck.
He was focused on eating his pizza until Germany stepped into the room, immediately beginning to complain and bitch to Hungary about how disgusting he was and how he absolutely had no manners. Whatever, he's heard it at least five times today already.

The hungarian listened to the older male rant for about 5 minutes before he finally had enough and rolled his eyes, throwing his still not finished slice of pizza back in its box. He sat up straight on the couch raising an eyebrow and looking at Germany, it was obvious he was very pissed off, yet Germany would still not shut up.

"What do you want, Germ?" Hungary asked, trying to stay calm and not snap at him.

Germany cut himself off glaring at the other with a dumbfounded look, cheeks turning a slightly darker shade of red from rage.

"I want you to stop acting so childish! Why can't you just act like a grown man for once, Hungary?!" his voice growing higher in pitch.
Okay so he's a girl on her period and an aggressive chihuahua, Hungary though to himself.

"Has Russia not fucked you in a week, is that your problem?"

"W-what?! No! Ew, Hungary you are so disgusting," Germany got quieter at the end, looking down at the floor.
Hungary raised a brow in amusement again. So Germany was actually just sexually frustrated, huh?
Well yeah, Russia has been very busy lately so no wonder.

"I could fuck you if you want to," Hungary exclaimed with a smug smile obviously checking the curvy german boy out.

"As if you could top me, you're such a bottom," Germany rolled his eyes, shuffling closer to the couch before sitting down on it, grimacing at the little tomato sauce stains on it.

"Actually, I'm a switch, you're the only bottom here," the Hungarian folded his arms, pulling his legs up to sit cross-legged as well.

"Oh but I will definitely not let a filthy dog like you top me. Besides I have topped a bunch of guys before, I just mostly prefer to be on the receiving end," (that makes you a bottom, dumbass) the German tried explaining to Hungary.

"Yeah sure, and you've also topped Russia before-"

"Yup," Germany suddenly chimed in, cutting Hungary off, "and he enjoyed it very much,"

Hungary was a little surprised, like, sure he could imagine Russia being a bottom but not with Germany.

"Ok sure, whatever, but I really don't wanna bottom again. Poland has just fucked me yesterday and my ass is sore," he pouted slightly, giving his cutest puppy-dog eyes to make the German give in, "besides, you haven't been fucked in quite a while either. You also said you prefer to bottom,"

"As I said, I won't let a dirty dog like you top me, and maybe now I'm in the mood to fuck someone?" Germany climbed closer to the shorter country, sitting down right in front of him.

Hungary whined slightly, much like a dog. He was very much like a little puppy in Germanys opinion. He acted just like one. He was pretty sure he had many more similarities to a dog down to the sniffing butts part. Germany was certain Hungary also sniffed butts.

Okay, maybe he'd let the Hungarian top him. He's heard many rumors that he had a huge dick and in reality he was really desperate for someone to fuck him.

"Fine then, go ahead. Fuck me," taunted Germany with a smug look.

Hungary grinned and happily leaned down to Germanys neck, licking and biting at it softly. He knew he wasn't supposed to leave any marks because Germany still had a boyfriend and he really didn't want to explain where those came from to Austria once he's back.

The german giggled at how desperate the other looked. He could imagine his tail would be wagging excitedly if he were an actual dog, or maybe an inu. Damn he'd have to ask Japan for some potions.

Hungary pulled away to pull off his and the others shirt. Jeez, he seemed even more desperate than the german himself but he didn't mind, if they did it quickly, the chances of getting caught were lower, Germany thought to himself.

The shorter Hungarian looked at Germanys body like it was some precious treasure. He did have a very pretty body, but god, Hungary was overreacting. Whatever though, he'd let the older drool a little.

"You look VERY beautiful," he said in disbelief after letting out a breathy laugh,"I'm almost a little scared to even touch you-" Hungary just slightly grazed his chest with the tips of his soft fingers, "you look so fragile and delicate,"

The German couldn't help but blush and look away from the other.

"I f-fucking hate you," Germany stuttered.

"Sure you do..." Hungary whispered against his chest, focused on kissing every inch of Germanys upper body.
While doing that he slowly trailed his hands down to his friends waist, resting his hands on Germanys sides.

The Hungarian really didn't want to waste time anymore, eager to finally begin and long foreplay wasn't really his thing either. He quickly kissed Germany above his navel before unbuttoning his black jeans and pulling the fly down. Already Germany felt a little more relieved now that his pants weren't pressing against his bulge.

Hungary smirked at the already very hard dick that was still hidden in the younger country's underwear. He leaned down and gave it a long wet lick, making Germany shudder and moan lightly.

The shorter male pulled the Germans pants and boxers down at the same time, exposing his bare hard dick to the hungry eyes of Hungary. (Never thought I'd write that sentence). The older of the two licked his lips in anticipation, leaning down once more and placing the tip of Germany's cock into his warm mouth. Germany gasped at the sudden feeling of the wet tongue running over his slit and swirling around the tip. After a minute of Hungary's teasing he began sinking lower, taking Germany's length inch by inch.

"O-oh Gott..." the taller choked out, biting his lip to hinder any more moans to come out.

Just as Hungary started to properly suck him off, he pulled off, continuing with his hands. "Feels good, doesn't it?" He smirked.

"Bi- Bitte use your mouth again. It felt so good!" Germany begged, trying to grab Hungary's head to push him back down. The elder

chuckled softly, shaking his head before taking the Germans hard dick into his mouth again. Germany's moans got more frequent and higher in pitch the closer he got to his release. "Mm- Ungarn... I'm so close." The younger of the two groaned, his breathing becomes uneven, choking on the saliva that was pooling in his agape mouth. Hungary got faster and rougher, taking him all the way to his base. Hungary felt the shaft twitch in his mouth, his tongue licking at the underside of Germany's cock, sending the younger over the edge. "AHH, FUCK-" cried out the German suddenly, releasing his load down Hungary's throat who gladly swallowed it all. After a minute he pulled off, kissing the tip of Germany's softening cock. "You sound like a virgin," chuckled Hungary, licking his lips once more. Germany playfully slapped the back of Hungary's head, still gasping for air.

"You could've prepped me at the same time you know?" The younger boy rolled his eyes, growling as he sucked on two of his fingers to make them wet. "Heh, Német. I think you're gonna need at least three fingers," he snickered while looking at the German getting his fingers ready. Germany hummed in confusion, pushing himself up with the help of his elbows. "Ach du scheiße..."

"Hey, it's average size." Hungary chuckled lowly, a smirk forming on his face. "W-well average size for your people!" Germany defended himself.

Hungary rolled his eyes, taking out a bottle of lube from under a couch cushion. He squirted some of the lube onto his fingers, pushing the first one in already. "Make it quick please, Österreich could come home any minute." Germany reminded him. "Tudom, but i don't want to rip your tiny ass apart."

After 2 to 3 minutes of Hungary preparing the younger German he pulled his fingers out, lubing up his large dick. He pulled Germany towards himself by his hips, impatiently rubbing his tip on Germany's entrance. "Put it in already, du HuND-" the younger got cut off by the shaft entering slowly. Hungary bit his lower lip, the tightness and warmth of Germany's hole was almost too much to bear. "Are you sure you're not actually a virgin." Hungary hissed between gritted teeth.

Germany felt little tears forming in his eyes and running down his cheek. "Ah, s-shit~" He moaned, his hand going down to his stomach, feeling Hungary's dick create a bulge. Hungary started moving hesitantly, his hands on Germany's hips, thrusting slowly not to hurt himself and Germany even more.

"Heh, now I understand why Russia likes you so much" Hungary mumbled, leaning down to the Germans face, smashing their lips together. Hungary tasted like hot peppers and alcohol, a really weird mix but it was surprisingly not the worst thing ever. Meanwhile Germany tasted like Clorox bleach and coffee.

The younger country's eyes widened as he felt Hungary suddenly slam into him full force, making him pull away from their kiss.

"Agh- you fucking bitch!" Germany yelled, groaning loudly and squeezing his eyes shut. The Hungarian continued at the faster pace, hitting his sweet spot dead on every time. Hungary's pace changed every few minutes, sometimes his thrusts were slow and deep or fast and sloppy. After a while when Germany fully adjusted it started to feel really good. Germany wrapped a hand around his member, jerking himself off, trying to match Hungary's thrusts which was almost impossible because of how unpredictable he was.

Suddenly Hungary grabbed Germany by the shoulder pulling him up to a sitting position while he laid down on the couch. "You want me to ride you?" The younger asked.

Hungary rolled his eyes as he thrusts up, moving his hands to Germany's waist. The German placed his hands on the smaller country's chest, beginning to move up and down carefully. Hungary matched his thrusts with Germany's movements, pushing up whenever Germany came down. "To be honest, you actually look kind of cute like this~" Hungary purred.

"Mm- h-halt die fresse-!" The bigger country moaned, trembling from the feeling. The older smirked slightly, pushing Germany down on his dick suddenly, making him moan out louder than before. "Scheiße-! Oh Gott, U-ungarn! Bist du out of your mind?!" He groaned in pleasure and pain. "I am not" Hungary said simply, almost pulling the younger off his dick until only his tip was inside

him, then he pulled him down again with just as much force, bringing Germany to choke out another loud moan.

After only about five minutes Germany already felt himself getting close to his release again. "U-ung-garn~ I'm s-so close-!" He moaned out desperately.
Hungary growled at him, "you won't cum until I do, kurva." He awkwardly reached under the couch cushion again and pulled out a cock ring. "Why do you guys keep shit like that in your couch?" Germany asked panting. Hungary only shrugged and slipped on the ring on Germany's dick. After securing the ring to his dick Hungary ordered him to get on his hands and knees, Germany obeying him of course.

Hungary admired the backside of the younger for a few seconds before sliding his shaft back inside Germany. He began pounding him into the couch, going as hard on him as he desired. "Mm, such a good little whore. My fucking ribanc~" he groaned, licking from his shoulder to the juncture of his neck, biting hard enough to break the skin and burst some blood vessels. Germany whimpered, clawing at the cheap fabric of a random pillow. "N-no marks, Ungarn..." he whined, his voice small and weak.

About twenty minutes later Hungary's thrusts got sloppier and his grunts got louder. " 'm gonna cum~" he groaned into Germany's ear, thrusting quickly while his hands reached down to the others length, slipping the cockring off again and jerking him a few times. After a few thrusts, Hungary pushed as deep as he could go, filling the younger up with his cum with a loud, satisfied moan. Germany came as well from the feeling of the warm sticky liquid filling him up completely. "J-ja~!" Germany yelled out one last time before dropping on the couch, laying in his own cum.

After about two minutes Hungary finally pulled out, still panting like a dog, trying to catch his breath. "Scootch up a bit, haver. I'm gonna clean up this mess." He said walking out of the living room. Germany sat up, looking down at his belly that was covered in his own cum. "Yuck" he said as he saw the other come back into the room with a wet rag in his hand. Hungary first wiped off the cum on the couch the best he could and then cleaned off Germany's stomach. "You're into aftercare, I'm guessing?" Germany asked.

Hungary stopped moving the rag on Germany's belly and looked up slowly with a confused expression. "What do you mean 'I'm into aftercare'? That's a natural thing that's supposed to happen after sex. Unless you're into some messed up shit like rape-play but even then there's supposed to be aftercare!" Hungary ranted.

"Jeez, man. Calm down, no need to get all offended," Germany said putting up his hands in defense. The older one sighed, "I know, I'm just sensitive about this I guess" he mumbled, continuing to clean the taller ones stomach.

Germany thought for a minute before speaking up again. "Do you want to cuddle? Like here on the couch with clothes of course..." Germany rambled. Hungary shrugged, "I would but Ausztria will probably figure out what we did." Germany shook his head, "I don't think so, he knows I get really clingy and like to cuddle after crying. He could think that I came to you for comfort because he wasn't here." The older of the two tapped on his chin a few times, "Okay then."

Hungary grabbed some fresh clothes for both of them from his own wardrobe. Hungary had plenty of oversized clothes so it wasn't hard to find something that would fit Germany. He went back to the living room, throwing the clothes at the younger. Hungary himself was already wearing his shorts and hoodie. Germany put on his fresh clothes quickly, making grabby hands at Hungary who rolled his eyes at him.

"This is such a weird thing to have in common with you," Hungary said after a while. "What do you mean?" Germany asked raising an eyebrow. "We both like cuddles after showing vulnerability" he said simply. (Is that even a thing people say?) Germany thought for a second but nodded, "hm, I guess that is a thing we have in common."

When Austria finally got home he honestly expected Germany and Hungary to be arguing, but he heard absolutely nothing. He then assumed Germany was taking a nap and Hungary was doing god knows what, probably masturbating. What he didn't expect though was to see the two sleeping together on the couch. Austria stepped into the living room, now noticing the pile of clothes on the floor.

He raised an eyebrow in amusement about to walk out of the room but something caught his eye. It was a whitish stain on the couch. He bit his tongue to hold himself back from laughing and waking the two males sleeping soundly on the couch.

☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★
TOOK ME LIKE 5 MONTHS TO WRITE THIS GARBAGE AND ITS NOT EVEN GOOD

Hungary x Germany

[image]

Uh re-upload i guess

Honestly I'm a sucker for any ship with Germany, Hungary's just... I hate him

Ugh FORINT STOP MAKING CONTENT THAT NOBODY LIKES BUT YOU-

Just a warning: this one sucks

———————

"Ungarn, please shut your mouth and go back to work." Germany shouted all the way from his own office to the break room.

Hungary was just about to make himself some coffee before going back to gossiping *very* loudly with Poland, but he quickly changed his mind and decided to pay Germany a friendly visit.

You see, Germany and Hungary weren't exactly on good terms. Hungary wasn't really on good terms with anyone, to be honest. Most of Europe hated him and countries from other continents didn't really know him at all. And he was an annoying piece of shit who snapped at everyone all the time.

As Hungary stomped all the way down to the Germans office room he got in, slammed the door shut and moved over to Germany who was watching him with amusement while sipping on his green tea.

"What's wrong, gremlin?" asked Germany with a fake smile.

That was the last fucking straw.

Hungary took the collar of the Germans shirt and pulled him up forcefully, pushing him to the wall pinning him to it. The Hungarian growled like a wild animal at Germany who just groaned from the pain in his back.

"You're out of your goddamn mind." muttered Germany under his breath as he tried struggling out of the shorter country's grip. It was embarrassing to Germany how easily Hungary got him to submit to him. The German blamed it on his lack of sleep lately.

"Okay you win, I'll do your work, just please let me go now." Germany sighed disappointed in himself as avoided eye contact as much as he could. His head hung low as he felt Hungary press him even harder against the wall, one of his hands sliding up to wrap around the taller country's neck.

"Not this time, Német.." Hungary whispered coldly with a feral grin etched on his face as he pulled his other arm away to punch the german in the gut. The impact made Germany want to hunch over and hold his stomach from the pain, but the hand squeezing his neck and pushing him to the wall made that hard. He felt like throwing up.

Small tears were already forming in Germany's eyes, he screwed his eyes shut tight, to not let the short Hungarian notice. "Learn to shut your fucking mouth and mind your own damn business, Germany." Hungary spat, the venom in his voice made the young German flinch.

Before letting him go, Hungary pulled him to forward before pushing him back to the wall forcefully once more, bringing Germany to groan in pain again. Hungary let him fall to the floor immediately after, walking out of the Germans office with a satisfied smirk on his face.

After that incident the two countries avoided each other as much as they could for the rest of the week. Until the week after when Poland and France *accidentally* locked the two inside the archive room, which of course, neither of them had the key to.

"Lengyel! If you don't fucking open this door right now, I will fucking murder you!" Hungary yelled aggressively, banging on the door with his fist.

Germany didn't really say anything, he hoped if he stayed quiet and hidden, maybe Hungary would forget he's in the room too. This was

of course a very stupid idea but honestly, Germany couldn't even think logically anymore. Instead of sleeping 8 hours a day he drank 30 cups of coffee to stay awake and finish his work, so no wonder his brain couldn't even l o g i c.

"This is all your fucking fault, isn't it?" Hungary turned around quickly, moving over to the exhausted German.
"N-nein, Ungarn. Ich hab nichts damit zu tun.." Germany quivered, slowly backing away from Hungary until he got him cornered.

"I hate you so fucking much." Hungary growled at the weak country in front of him, grabbing him by his hair and pulling his head down to his level.
"You're fucking pathetic." He spat, staring directly into Germany's two teary golden eyes. Hungary felt the taller males warm breath on his lips as the two gazed into each other's eyes.

Germany swallowed thickly, swiftly glancing down at Hungary's lips before looking back up at the elder's eyes. He hesitantly leaned forward, eyelids fluttering shut as he gently pressed his lips against those of the Hungarian. Hungary kissed him back roughly, letting go of Germany's soft black hair, sliding his hand down to his nape.

The need of air made them pull away after a few minutes, foreheads pressed against each other, both of them panting heavily like two dogs in the summer. "You're a... fucking faggot..." Germany snickered, wrapping his arms around Hungary's waist, "takes one to know one, right?"

"You better not tell anyone about this." Hungary muttered, pushing the German away from him swiftly as he heard the sound of a key being inserted into the lock of the door. Germany glanced at Hungary one last time, biting his bottom lip as he thought of some not so family friendly things before the door got opened by France. Poland stood on his tip toes behind him, peeking into the room curiously. "Lengyel, te büdös kurva! I will fucking bite you!" Hungary yelled and ran toward the door at full speed, France quickly dodging the fast midget while Poland started sprinting towards the exit of the building, running away from the angry country who was charging at the Polish male.

France just looked at them, blinking quickly a few times in confusion before focusing on Germany again. The younger was looking down at his own two hands lovingly, smiling as he put them on his chest with a soft sigh. The Frenchman grinned from realization, snorting a little and shaking his head. "I would've never thought that you and Hongrie would ever be a thing. It kinda makes sense though." France chuckles hooking his arm through Germanys and pulling him out of the room.

"So.. did you guys fuck?"

_____

They didn't

What a shame

They were in there for like what? 8 minutes, jeez France

The end feels rushed cuz it fucking is

Russia x Germany

[image]

Drunk ruski
———-

Germany sighed to himself and doodled random things on his hand with his pen. Russia came to Berlin all the way from Moscow to annoy him probably. Whatever it was Germany isn't happy about the unexpected visit.

Of course, Germany loved Russia dearly but he was so close to finishing his work. He planned to go drink a few beers with his drinking buddies tonight but he couldn't really do that now could he? As Germany was grumbling to himself a faint knock on the door could be heard. "Komm rein!" He yelled in German out of habit.

The door opened slowly revealing a tall Russian who was surprisingly dressed formally. "Привет Германия" Russia said with a calm voice. "Hallo Russland" Germany greeted him back, giving a polite nod with his head.

Once Russia closed the door again he seemed much more relaxed, shuffling over to the chair across from Germany. "Тер I have something very important to tell you" Russia whispered.

Germany raised an eyebrow. "Oh really? What is it?" He asked in an unamused tone. Germany took the mug of coffee on his desk while waiting for an answer. "I love you!" Russia said with a goofy grin on his face as he bounced in his seat. Germany took a sip of his cold coffee and placed the mug back on the desk calmly. He cleared his throat before speaking up again, "no, you're just drunk" he said simply.

Russias smile fell. "Why does everyone think I'm drunk when I speak about my feelings..." he mumbled with a frown, fidgeting with his fingers. "Because that's just the way you are, Russland. We all know you would never show any emotions except anger, when

you're sober" Germany said, taking his pen to doodle on his hand again. "But you know I love you" Russia whimpered with a pout, looking up at Germany like a sad puppy.

Germany huffed, looking away from the bigger country. "Oh yeah I know you do. It's not like you never show it" he groaned annoyed and pressed the tip of his pen into his skin. "Тер I'm sorry but my father told me-" Russia was cut off by Germany slamming his hand on the desk. "My father told me many things too but I have a mind of my own and I do what I know is best" He growled, venom laced in his voice as he glared at Russia.

Russia looked shocked and a little scared at Germany suddenly lashing out at him. "But you don't know папа-" Russia spoke quietly, his sentence cut off by the other again. "He was my father too" Russia shook his head and stood up too, wobbling on his feet a little. "But he didn't love you!" He yelled loudly. Germany's eyes widened as he fell back on his chair.

"I'm sorry" Russia muttered after a few minutes of silence. He looked down at his feet in shame. "It's okay... It wasn't nice of me to lash out at you for no reason" Germany said while holding his head, "you should probably go now though" he added quietly.

"No! I want to stay with you!" Russia suddenly yelled and stomped his foot on the floor like a child. "You said I don't show that I love you well now I will! I'll stay with you!" He said and skipped over to Germany. The shorter man looked up at Russia with confusion in his eyes. He shook his head and sighed. "Alright big bear, you can go and lay on the couch I guess" Germany said, pointing to the sofa.

Russia simply nodded and shuffled over to the couch, flopping down on it, his hat sliding up on his head in the process. He pulled it back down quickly, tucking his bangs back in his ushanka. "I came here because I had something important to tell you, but I forgot what it was" he whimpered and looked towards Germany who was about to start working again.

The German sighed softly, packing his big stacks of papers out. "Maybe you'll remember later" he mumbled signing a paper. "But what if I won't? And maybe I'll have to go home and I won't

remember what I wanted to tell you and then I came here for no reason and I'm just wasting your time" Russia rambled, playing with the button of his jacket.

"I'm just glad you're here Russland. Your visit isn't pointless and you're not wasting my time because I love spending time with you Bruder" Germany said with a smile on his lips, his attention on his work. Russia hummed softly, he couldn't help but smile as well as he watched his friend.

"Тер" the bigger country spoke up after a few minutes of silence. "What's the matter?" Germany asked, looking up with a raised eyebrow. Russia sat up on the couch, fixing his suit up a bit. "I want affection" he said with a dead serious expression. The smaller blinked confused, turning his head to his desk again. "No, go ask someone else" he grumbled and scribbled on a paper. "But Германия~ I want cuddles from you~" Russia purred, gazing at Germany with pleading eyes and a pout.

The smaller took his glasses off and hit his head in the desk with a loud annoyed groan. "I fucking hate you" he growled. He stood up from his chair and stomped over to Russia, sitting down next to him with his arms crossed over his chest.

"You love me~" Russia whispered, pulling Germany into his lap and wrapping an arm around his waist. He pulled the shorter closer to him, laying a hand on the nape of his neck and gently rubbing it with his thumb. "It's been what? More than thirty years and you still love showering me with affection hm?" Germany purred, looking into Russias eyes lovingly. The bigger country smiled softly, "of course I do, you were my cutest comrade~" he said, leaning closer to Germany's face.

"Am I not your cutest comrade anymore?" Germany asked with a pout, his hands grabbing Russias shoulders. He glanced down at Russia's lips for a second before shifting his gaze back up to his eyes. "You are~ and forever will be~" Russia said before pressing his lips to those of the country in his lap. Germany closed his eyes slowly, melting into the kiss as his hands slid up to cup Russia's cheeks.

Russia swiped his tongue over Germany's lower lip, asking for an entrance as his hold on the Germans waist tightened. Germany gladly let the other in, submitting almost immediately and letting Russia's tongue explore his mouth. Germany pushed his tongue against Russias randomly, the feeling of the warm wet muscle against his own making him shudder from pleasure. After a few minutes the two pulled away panting for air, the smaller pressing his forehead against Russia's-- or well, the fluffy part of his ushanka.

"I remember what I wanted to tell you" Russia said between gasps for air. "What?" Germany asked with a smile, panting heavily as well. "I love you!" He said like he did when he came to his office. Though this time it was different. The meaning was different.

Germany smiled happily, wrapping his arms around Russia's torso and laying his head on his shoulder. "I love you too" he whispered softly. Russia grinned brightly and pulled Germany even closer to himself, placing his cheek on Germany's head, smelling the strawberry scented shampoo he used to wash his hair.

"Tep" Russia chocked our a little uneasy. "Yes Liebling?" Germany asked, rubbing his partners arm soothingly. "I-I have to-" the bigger country stuttered, his face turning pale as he tried holding it down. Germany was about to climb off of Russia quickly but it was too late.

"Tep I'm s-so sorry, I d-didn't mean to" Russia whimpered, hugging Germany again and getting everything full of his vomit. The German sighed disappointed and got off Russia's lap, walking over to his desk and snatching some tissues to wipe himself and his drunk friend clean.

"A-are you mad at me now?" Russia asked sadly while looking at Germany's angry face with teary eyes. "No baby, accidents happen, it's alright" the shorter country answered, placing a hand on Russia's cheek while the other continued wiping the vomit off his fancy suit.

After Germany was done he threw the dirty tissues away in his trash bin, sitting back down next to Russia. "Lay down darling, take a nap while I work okay?" Germany said with a soft caring voice, smiling up at Russia.

Russia nodded slowly, laying down on the couch and almost immediately falling asleep. The smaller smiled and walked back to his desk, sitting down in his chair while watching Russia.

"Ich liebe dich, Russland" Germany whispered before putting his glasses back on and continuing his work while listening to Russias quiet snores.

———

Lmao look I wrote

It's long and boring

Hungary x Austria (p2)

[image]

Eh-
This is Bad
Part two of faun Hungary but now he is heartbroken

Uh reupload?? I read through it and i- I love them so much???? And why was my writing better than it is now???????

_____

Since Austria met his new faun friend he went out a lot more, and also for a much longer time. It has only been a few weeks since he met Hungary but he already felt like they have been best friends forever. Switzerland assumed her younger brother found himself a girlfriend, always teasing Austria when he announced he was going to stay away for longer than usual. Austria usually just waved it off, covering up the truth with silly lies. He couldn't just tell Switzerland he met a goat-legged countryhuman who looks like they came from a god damn fairytale. She would probably assume Austria got more than tulips from his visit to the Netherlands.

Austria and Hungary have been meeting more often now, not only in the morning but sometimes in the evening too. The two would go star gazing near Hungary's treehouse which wasn't too far from their meeting spot, this evening was no different. When Austria arrived at Hungary's treehouse he noticed something was off. The faun wasn't there. The young boy pulled out his pocket watch, checking the time. He was a few minutes late, yes, but that didn't explain why Hungary wasn't here.

"Took you fucking long to get here." Austria flinched at the slightly raspy voice from behind him. He turned around with a relieved smile as he stepped closer to the faun. "Jeez, you scared me. I'm not even that late, it's just four minutes..." Austria mumbled.

Hungary folded their arms and huffed, rolling their eyes at Austria.

He looked away, rubbing his upper arms to warm them from the cold. Austria shuffled closer to the older, offering a shy smile. The faun closed their eyes, tiredly exhaling his warm breath, jolting slightly as they felt Austria take their hand into his soft ones. "Let's go now. I want to see a shooting star tonight." He grinned, walking Hungary to the place under their tree where the two would lay.

As Austria sat down he placed his basket filled with cookies he made with his sister next to Hungary. "My sister and I made some Linzer cookies today, I brought you some." He said, taking one of the pastries and showing it to his friend proudly. Hungary looked down at the basket, reaching their hand down to take one of the cookies as well. Hungary bit down on the sweet pastry, feeling the powdered sugar and the delicious jam on their tongue. God they might have just found their new favorite food.

"These are very good," they mumbled, mouth full with cookies, munching on them. Austria giggled happily, eating some himself.

After about ten minutes and 20 Linzer cookies the two laid next to eachother on the soft grass, talking about stupid things like what they did that day. It was mostly Austria talking though, Hungary was awfully quiet today. They weren't even listening to what the Austrian was talking about, spacing out and sorting their thoughts.

"Hey, Hungary?" Austria asked after a few minutes of silence. Hungary still didn't respond, rolling onto their side, now facing away from Austria. The younger was about to touch their shoulder to get their attention when they sat up and sighed sadly. Now Austria was even more concerned, what could be bothering them so much? He climbed over to Hungary, sitting down next to them and looking up at them almost hesitantly.

Hungary screwed their eyes shut, taking a deep breath. "Austria I think you should just go home now, you must be tired..." they whispered.
"No. Tell me what's wrong first. I'm not going anywhere unless you tell me what's wrong." The young Austrian exclaimed, trying to sound determined and confident.

Hungary smiled sadly, opening their eyes to look at Austria's which

were filled with worry and sadness. The young boy was very stubborn, Hungary was sure he wasn't going to go home until he's helped his friend feel better.

"Okay, fine. I'm sad 'cause my boyfriend broke up with me." The faun muttered into their own hands after rubbing their palm on their cheek.

"Y-you have a boyfriend?"

"Well not anymore." The faun groaned slightly annoyed. They really didn't want to talk about this at the moment.

Austria hummed sadly, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"You never fucking asked." Hungary started playing with the tips of their horns to calm down again. All they wanted to do right now is sleep and forget everything that has happened today.

Austria noticed the faun looked a lot paler, and the dark circles around their eyes were even more visible than before. He slid even closer to Hungary, carefully and very slowly laying his head on their shoulder to not startle them. "I'm not an expert in these things, and I don't even know him, but... I think he's stupid for breaking up with you," Austria swallowed thickly, caressing Hungary's knuckles with his thumb, "he didn't deserve you."

The older snorted slightly, chuckling bitterly as they shook their head, "No, it's the other way around..." Hungary sighed, "an angel could never love someone like... me."
Austria frowned, slightly rubbing his cheek on Hungary's bare shoulder.

"So angels are real too, then..." muttered the younger to himself quietly. A few weeks ago he would've never believed any of this crazy stuff. *What if this isn't even real? Am I dreaming right now? How much weed did I smoke-*

"But hey, at least I still have this little angel right here," Hungary smiled, leaning down to kiss the top of Austria's head softly. Austria's heart began beating faster as he felt his blood rush to his

cheeks at the impact. The faun laughed sweetly, pulling the small boy into their lap and placing quick little kisses on the back of his head. Hungary's arms wrapped around Austria's waist, pulling his little body closer to their chest protectively.

The two stayed like that for hours, listening to the crickets chirping and watching the sparkling stars in the night sky. "Look! there's your shooting star," said Hungary, pointing at the comet that passed by in the starry sky, "make a wish!" Austria smiled, humming in agreement tiredly. He laid his head on the older ones chest, yawning as his heavy eyelids closed, falling asleep on the faun instantly.

_____

Cool this is unfinished but I can't bring myself to write shit anymore This is turning into a faun gary AU book and I don't even care

Hungary's ex is Poland btw

I have so many ideas for these two babies, I COULD WRITE A WHOLE DAMN BOOK- but I won't

if I write a third part it's angst feat. major character death

Hungary (& a bunch of peeps?)

[image]

Idk... he isn't actually my comfort character, I just put everything I hate about myself into him and that's his personality I guess

For fucks sake my anger is boiling-

These ain't really ships, it's kinda only Aushun at the end but nothing else idk ¯_(ツ)_/¯

ALSO THANK YALL FOR 1K READS WTF-💖❤

_____

Hungary rubbed his eye tiredly and stared out of his window, sitting on the windowsill like he's glued there.

He honestly felt like he was, not being able to get up no matter how much he tried. His eyes felt sore and tired from looking at the moon for almost an hour now.

'Why?' You might be asking.
He himself has no idea.

All he knew is that once he sat down and looked at the moon he couldn't get away.

Some might even think he has some sort of connection to the moon. But that's bullshit.

The actual reason was unknown to him, he just wanted to look out of the window to check if his car is still there, but once he saw the huge glowing thing in the dark sky he just couldn't seem to stop looking at it.

Now that he's thinking about it he remembers watching the moon with his lover. Maybe the dim light of it reminds him of simpler times where he didn't have to focus on forgetting someone who was so important to him.

Hungary would've called out for Austria to make him a coffee, but he wasn't here anymore either. He felt like everyone is leaving him alone at a time where he needs them the most.

If that isn't enough everything else is getting more stressful than before too. He felt helpless, weak, exhausted and sick.

He kept staring at the moon, his head starting to hurt from looking up for so long. The Hungarian slowly lowered his head, leaning it against the cold window.

He closed his eyes slowly as he felt the darkness engulf him and lull him to a dreamless sleep.

Hungary woke up in the morning by the doorbell ringing loudly. He peeled his eyes open, rubbing his aching head with an annoyed groan.

He slowly slid away from the window, shuffling downstairs to open the door for the crazy person who was ringing the doorbell so aggressively.

"Grüß gott, Ungarn!" Austria's cheerful voice rang through the quiet house, making Hungary flinch slightly.

Hungary rubbed his eye, stifling a yawn, "h-helló" he whispered quietly, stepping out of the doorway to let his friend in.

Austria wasted no time and stepped inside, looking around in wonder. "I know it's still empty and all but I really like your new home!" He said happily, walking further inside.

"Yeah... it's okay" Hungary mumbled and kicked an empty beer bottle out of his way, watching it roll around. "What brings you here?" He asked with his naturally cold and low voice, tucking his hands away into his pockets.

"I just wanted to see how you're doing is all" Austria hummed and

turned to Hungary with a smile, "and I brought you some things, mostly snacks, and your razor that I accidentally packed in" he added with an awkward chuckle, handing Hungary a bag he was holding.

The taller nodded slowly and took the bag, peeking inside. "Don't you wanna stay the night? Technically I'm only finished setting up my-" Hungary got cut off by Austria shaking his head and pressing his pointer finger to Hungary's lips.

"I sadly can't do that. I would most definitely 'cause there's nothing better than hanging out with you but I have so much to do" Austria said calmly and gave Hungary a sad smile to which the taller only huffed.

"Okay... I-.. I guess" Hungary muttered and glanced off at the ground. He walked into there room where the kitchen would be, setting the bag down on a cardboard box laying around in the kitchen.

"I promise to make it up to you, Liebling" Austria said kindly and leaned up to press a sweet kiss to Hungary's cheek. "Yeah, I know" the Hungarian sighed, his voice gloomy and unmotivated.

Austria pulled away and smiled up at the other country sweetly, bidding farewell and walking out of the house to his car to go home and leave Hungary alone to be on his own.

"Come on Czechia, I k-know we're not on best terms b-but please" Hungary whined and downed his eleventh bottle of beer.

Czechia looked away, grimacing at the tipsy Hungarian. "No I won't help you get Poland back, he's doing fine without you" he grumbled and rubbed his temples in annoyance.

"W-well I'm not doing fine! I need him back" Hungary muttered and let his head drop on the counter with a silent sob. "P- *hic* please"

he whispered and looked up at Czechia pleadingly.

The smaller country shook his head quickly and slid off of the barstool, slamming a few korunas on the counter and walking out of the bar. "Stop wasting everyone's time Hungary" was what he said before leaving the building.

Hungary stretched his sore muscles in his office chair, going back to typing around almost immediately. He wasn't actually working, just taking advantage of the free internet connection and watching stupid videos of his people doing stupid things.

Just as he was about to click on another video he heard a quiet knock on the door. "Come in" he mumbled and shoved another Cheeto into his mouth.

Germany opened the door and stepped inside, closing it right after. "What're you doing?" He asked calmly, walking closer to Hungary's desk casually.

"Nothing much boss, just work y'know" Hungary said, obviously lying to the German.

Germany sighed and sat down on the spare chair next to Hungary, looking at him empathetically. "Listen, I know you're going through tough times-"

"Don't even finish your sentence Germ, I know I'm going through shit but that doesn't mean you can suddenly get close to me" Hungary mumbled and focused on his computer again, typing in 'pornhub' into the search bar.

"I wanted to suggest you take break but whatever I guess" Germany shrugged and stood up from the chair again.

"Stop being so nice to me, I just want to go back to living my normal life even if a big part of it is gone now" Hungary said

quietly, not bothering to look up at Germany.

The German looked down at the ground to process Hungary's words for a second, looking up again with a small smile. "I'm glad you're here Hungary" he said and exited the room, leaving Hungary on his own again.

Hungary sat at the same bar where he talked to Czechia a few days ago again, sipping on his almost full bottle of Pálinka when Russia entered the pub, walking over to the Hungarian and sitting down next to him. "Sup gentle giant, did you come here to drink away your sorrow?" Hungary asked jokingly and took a swig.

"I guess you could say that" the bigger country sighed and looked down at his hands on the counter with a tired expression.

Hungary watched him amused, turning back to his bottle and drinking from it like its water. "You're here to drink your sorrow away as well, I'm guessing" Russia mumbled and leaned his head on his hand.

"Depends on what we're talking about" Hungary chuckled and smirked to himself softly, tapping his fingers on the bottle. "Are you still mad at him?" Russia asked and furrowed his eyebrows slightly, taking his ushanka off.

"Of course I fucking am, I will never forgive him. And even if one day I would, I can't go tell him that we're fine again because that son of a fucking bitch is avoiding me at all costs" Hungary laughed bitterly and took a swig again.

"Passive aggressive piece of shit" Russia grumbled and called out for the bartender, asking for a whole bottle of vodka.

Hungary rolled his eye and pushed his hair back, glaring at Russia. "Don't anger me" he simply huffed and looked away again. "You should just forget him, erase him from your head" Russia said

quietly, shaking his head at Hungary.

"How am I supposed to do that?" Hungary growled and stared at the mouth of the bottle, "I can not forget the things he said and did. I can't simply erase god knows how many years from my fucking brain, it just doesn't work" he muttered and covered his face with his hands.

"I don't even miss him anymore I'm just... angry" Hungary said tiredly, his voice muffled by his hands.

"I see" Russia hummed and smiled as the bartender finally gave him his vodka. "I think you'll get over him soon" he said nonchalantly and unscrewed the cap from his bottle.

Hungary pulled his hands away and shifted his gaze to Russia confused. "What the hell?" He blurted our and glared at the bigger country.

"Dude I'm surprised you didn't go stalk him and then kill him after your breakup. You were a good spy, I'm sure you could've easily tracked him down" Russia chuckled and patted Hungary's back.

Hungary let out a sarcastic laugh. "Can you please not bring your father into this?" He huffed angrily and folded his arms over his chest. "And why do you think I can get over him so easily?" He asked angrily.

Russia shrugged slightly and drank from his bottle, placing it down on the counter. "I dunno, you got over Austria pretty quickly" he mumbled and tilted his head.

"I was never even together with him, I think you're mixing me up with my dad" Hungary huffed and ran his fingers through his thick, messy hair. "You were oddly close with Austria a few years ago though" Russia hummed confused.

"Because we wanted to see if we could work out, that was a bad idea so we stayed friends or 'brothers' how everyone calls us" Hungary grumbled and rolled his eyes, grabbing his bottle of brandy again.

Russia put his hands up in defense and looked back at the counter, sighing quietly. "Jeez okay, I'm just trying to help" he mumbled.

Hungary was about to start ranting but instead he bit his tongue and turned away. "I don't need your pity. None of you ever cared about me before so I want you to stop caring now" he growled and took his drink, leaving the bar to go home and be lonely again.

"I told you to come home before 5, you knew it was gonna rain" Austria sighed and frowned at Hungary who was laying in his bed, tucked in in a bunch of blankets with the heater on.

Hungary just closed his eyes and tried wiggling out of the heavy covers. "Is it possible to die from a cold?" He asked and smiled up at Austria weakly.

"You won't die Ungarn" Austria hummed and walked to the other side of the bed, grabbing the medicine and pouring it on a teaspoon, holding it out for Hungary to take it.

He shook his head stubbornly, turning away from Austria. "Come on, it's for your own good" the Austrian mumbled and frowned at his friend.

"It isn't cause I wanna die" Hungary grumbled and covered his head with the covers. Austria sighed and almost dropped the spoon. "Ungarn you can't die, if you take this you'll get better sooner and you can go back to doing whatever you do everyday" he said, trying to convince Hungary.

"If I take your stupid medicine will you leave?" Hungary asked quietly, shifting under the blankets.

"If you want me to then I'll go" Austria said and sat down on the bed, still holding the spoon steadily between his thumb and pointer finger.

Hungary stayed quiet for a few seconds before pushing the covers away from his head. "I don't wanna be alone" he mumbled and pouted up at Austria sadly.

"Then I'll stay with you" the smaller country said sweetly and held the spoon out again, smiling at Hungary hopefully.

The Hungarian frowned slightly but took the spoon from Austria's hand, swallowing the medicine. "Ugh, this shit is disgusting" he grumbled and gave the spoon back to his friend.

"Stop complaining" Austria huffed and placed the spoon on the bedside table, laying down on the bed next to the other.

Hungary narrowed his eyes and covered Austria with the blankets, pulling him close by his waist. "Please stay over tonight" Hungary whined pleadingly, holding the smaller to his chest tightly. "I wasn't planning on leaving in the first place" Austria chuckled and got comfortable on the bed, nuzzling Hungary's neck softly.

The Hungarian smiled to himself and closed his eyes, kissing the top of Austria's head, slowly moving his hand up his body. "Thank you... for being there for me even if I'm a massive pain in the ass" he mumbled quietly and pressed his face into Austria's head shyly.

"Damn, you finally admit it huh?" Austria chuckled and wrapped his arms around Hungary's waist. "I was expecting you to say 'oh Ungarn you know that's not true! I love you so much!' " the taller mumbled with a high pitched voice to imitate Austria.

"That is not what I sound like at all!" Austria gasped offended and smacked Hungary's back, kicking his shin lightly, making Hungary let out a quiet yelp, "besides, I don't need to tell you I love you, you already know that anyway" the Austrian added, kissing Hungary's collarbone teasingly.

Hungary sighed and shifted slightly to glance down at Austria, pressing his forehead against his hesitantly. "Szeretlek" he whispered, closing his tired eye and pecking Austria's lips.

"Ich liebe dich auch, mein Schatz" Austria responded and smiled to

himself, snuggling up to Hungary's chest.

———

Look, I did a thing

Also ugh this sucks

America x Germany

[image]

This is unfinished, I just can't force myself to continue writing my old drafts but I'm actually working on new things that aren't ships 🖤

☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★

It was a cold, wet and honestly depressing autumn afternoon. Heavy raindrops were hitting the window like tiny pebbles from the beach not far away. It was the perfect day to go out for someone who loves autumn, Germany was definitely not a person who likes autumn.

Even though in his country weather like this was quite usual, he sometimes couldn't even differentiate summer from autumn... but that could've also been because he never went outside and instead spent his time in his office at home, working his head off.

Germany sighed to himself and rubbed his temples from exhaustion. He heard someone walking inside from the front door earlier but he's not quite sure anymore. Whoever it was they would've checked up on him. Unless it's neither of his roommates but actually a robber.

He grumbled and let his head drop on his laptop, a bunch of keyboard smash shit showing up in the search bar. The German tiredly pushed himself away from his desk and leaned back in his swivel chair, groaning softly.

Just as he was about to get up he heard his door opening with a quiet creak. "Heya Germs, I got you some almond milk like you asked- are you okay?" The loud and high pitched voice of America rang through the room.

Germany opened one eye and glanced at America tiredly, bringing a hand up to his face, putting his pointer finger in front of his lips to

motion America to shut up. And he surprisingly did shut up.

"Are you tired?" America asked very quietly after a few minutes of silence. The German just nodded weakly.

"Do you want me to bring you to your bedroom?" The taller country asked softly, stepping closer to Germany.

The smaller male blinked tiredly but nodded, "please" he whined and extended his arms like a baby waiting to be picked up. America chuckled quietly and stepped closer, leaning down to wrap one arm around Germany's back to pick him up, the other around the Germans waist to hold him steady.

"Wrap your legs around my waist, it'll be easier" America whispered and made his way out of the room to go upstairs.

Germany hooked his legs around the taller ones waist, clenching his black 'NATO' t-shirt in the back. He let his eye lids flutter shut as he laid his head on America's shoulder, his warm breath tingling America's neck slightly.

America let out a soft sigh, rubbing Germany's back gently. "What were you even doing?" He asked him in a hushed voice, walking up the stairs slowly not to drop his friend.

The German male yawned tiredly, hiding his face in the crook of America's neck. "Work" he grumbled almost inaudibly.

America sighed, walking to the door of Germany's bedroom, "I told you not to overwork yourself" he said quietly, worried for his friend's health. He let go of Germany with one arm to open the door, slipping inside and closing it.

"Do you want me to get you anything?" The older male asked kindly, laying Germany down on his messy bed. Germany shook his head and was about to say something before another loud yawn cut him off. "I-I want cuddles" he mumbled quietly, looking up at America tiredly.

America simply smiled to himself, tucking Germany in, "maybe a little later. Alright kitten?" The taller purred and gently rubbed

Germany's body through the thick, warm blanket.

Germany didn't like that answer though, turning onto his side stubbornly and covering his face with the covers. "You're so mean" he grumbled childishly, curling up under the blanket.

America chuckled silently and looked down at his roommate covered with the blanket. "Please don't be mad at me" he whined and knelt down on the bed next to Germany. The smaller German held his covers tightly, "but I want cuddles" he grumbled quietly, his voice slightly muffled from the thick fabric.

America sighed quietly and walked to the opposite side of the bed, laying down next to Germany. "How could I say no to you" he whispered and grabbed the blanket, pulling it away a little just to uncover Germany's face.

America smiled to himself softly, hearing Germany yawn quietly again. "Cuddles?" He asked sleepily, moving closer to the bigger country. America nodded and wrapped an arm around Germany's waist, pressing his face into the messy black hair of Germany.

"I love you" the smaller country whispered before falling asleep in America's warm embrace.

☆˚ +。★。+ ˚ ☆˚ +。★。+ ˚ ☆˚ +。★

This is garbage

Beutschland

[image]

I've been extremely lazy and had shitty writers block. My dumbass was trying to think of even more crap romance stories to shit out but that sadly doesn't work anymore because I don't know anything bout romance!□❤□❤□

So here, have some angst-

☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★

Germany has been waiting in the kitchen for hours for his caretakers to come back who were having a meeting with the Ussr. He got taken in by France and Britain after his real father committed suicide, his younger brother being taken by the Soviet Union.

America was supposed to take care of him right now, but he was upstairs in his room with Russia. That room was actually Germany's bedroom, but since it once belonged to America he kicked him out. Germany would've reminded America of his existence and that he was supposed to take care of him if he hadn't had this *fear* of the American.

The German boy's father used to warn him about the US, saying that he could kill him in cold blood with no hesitation. Germany never understood why his father would say such things, his friends said America only hurts people who are bad. As an innocent child he never knew what his father did, only learning about his fathers misdeeds once he got taken in by UK and France.

Germany tried to stay calm whenever America would glare at him angrily, hiding behind France usually. France was like a mom to him, acting more like a mother than a father in his opinion. Britain was also a good caretaker, he was often very busy but he did care about Germany.

Once America's younger brother came over to visit them. He was younger but also a bit taller than America. He let Germany sit on his shoulders when they all went on a walk in the woods together. Canada also made the most delicious pancakes Germany had ever eaten. He was very happy that day, even if America was being mean to Canada for being so nice to Germany.

After a few more minutes of thinking Germany got up from his chair, making his way upstairs to his room. He fiddled with his fingers nervously before knocking on the door, hearing annoyed grumbling from inside the room. The German boy gulped and opened the door slowly, peeking inside.

"E-excuse me, can I p-please stay here? It's c-cold in the kitchen" Germany whispered nervously and glanced at America shyly who glared at him from the corner of his eyes. Russia smiled at Germany softly and nodded his head, looking over at America.

America groaned and crossed his arms, looking up at the ceiling. "Come on Russia, I thought you hate this kid!" He huffed and looked at Germany with an angry expression.

Russia shook his head confused, "why would I hate him? His brother is cool" he said nonchalantly and turned to the comic he was reading.

Germany stepped inside and closed the door, walking to the corner of the room and sitting down on the floor. America sighed and turned away, picking up his Walkman and screwdriver to screw it open.

After a few minutes of silence Germany climbed closer to the two older boys, sitting down again but still keeping some distance. America glanced over at Germany again, letting out a quiet grumble. Russia looked up from his comic book and put it away, smiling at the German boy sweetly.

"Do you wanna do something else Russ?" America asked and looked up at Russia's face who nodded slowly, "yeah, sure" he sighed and turned to the American.

"Let's play Uno" America chuckled and turned to his backpack, rummaging through it. "O-oh! Can I please play too?" Germany asked happily and grinned from excitement. America whipped his head towards the sound, glaring at Germany. "No you can't. Go back to the corner kid" America growled and continued searching for his deck of Uno cards.

The German boys smile fell quickly as he climbed back into the corner, pulling his legs up to his chest. He watched America and Russia as they began playing, letting out a disappointed sigh.

After a few minutes when they were halfway through the game Germany climbed closer again, watching the two playing with a curious gaze. America was so concentrated he didn't notice the German boy come closer. "I'm so absolutely gonna win" Russia laughed and smirked to himself, glancing up at America's face which was red from anger, "Shut. The fuck. Up" America growled threateningly and bit his lip in concentration and frustration.

Russia snickered and waited for America to make his move as he looked at his cards. The American groaned and placed a car down, rubbing his face. Russia chuckled darkly and smirked evilly as he placed down his special cards, only having two left when he was finished. "You've got to be kidding me!" America yelled angrily, throwing his cards down and flailing around with his arms aggressively. "Fuck you!" He yelled and accidentally hit Germany in the face, looking at him with a pissed off expression.

"Why the fuck are you still here?! Leave this house this instant or else I will send you to the place where your bastard father is!" America yelled and stood up, ready to kick or punch the orphan who looked up at the tall adult with a terrified expression, shakily stepping backwards until the reached the door.

Germany turned around quickly and ran downstairs to the front door, standing up on his tiptoes to reach the front door's handle with his small trembling hands. The small boy looked back one more time before hurrying out of the house, rushing as far away as he could. After a few short minutes he reached the woods, slowing down slightly again as he panted heavily, his lungs feeling like they were on fire.

The little German looked down at his bare feet that were blood red from the cold at this point. He examined his surroundings with his tired and teary eyes, moving deeper into the woods with slow steps as he thought of a place to go to for the night. Germany gulped loudly and breathed on his hands to warm them, which didn't really help at all. He sighed and rubbed his arms, sitting down in the snow next to an old hollow tree, looking into the hole for anything interesting.

Germany gasped softly as he saw a small fox cub peek out from the shadows of the tree, he moved backwards slightly not to scare the little creature, "Hi th-there.." he whispered shakily like he was expecting the pup to answer. "D-did your p-parents l-leave you here..?" Germany asked quietly, moving closer to hide from the cold.

The cub hid further in the tree, afraid of the little human who was invading its home, "that's o-okay.. my p-papa left me t-too..." he whispered quietly and teared up slightly, wiping his warm tears from his cheeks. The pup sat down and looked up at Germany with curious eyes, sniffling around on the ground. "D-do you mind I-if I hide w-with you?" Germany asked politely and carefully climbed into the hole, pulling his legs up to his chest and making himself small as an attempt to give the pup his space back.

The fox cub climbed closer to the German boy to get warm, sniffling on his hands warily. "I-I won't hurt y-you.." Germany assured and glanced down at the pup, carefully rubbing his head with his thumb which the fox didn't seem to mind. Germany smiled softly and wiped his own nose, getting a bit more comfortable. "I-is this w-where you live now?" He asked quietly and looked down at the fox who tilted his head slightly from confusion.

"I w-wouldn't m-mind living w-with you Fuchs..." Germany whispered and closed his eyes tiredly, letting out a quiet sneeze which made the fox jump slightly. "E-excuse m-me" Germany whispered and closed his eyes again. The fox looked up at the German orphan, trying to climb into his lap.

Germany fluttered his eyes open and peeked at the fox, stretching his legs out for the cub as he observed what he was doing. The pup

curled up on Germany's lap like a cat, covering his face with its warm, bushy tail. "If only I h-had a fluffy coat l-like you do Fuchs.." the little boy whispered and carefully petted the fox's head. After a few minutes Germany closed his eyes to sleep again, shivering all night from the cold.

"What do you mean the kid is gone?!" UK yelled at America with obvious rage burning in his eyes. The US simply rubbed his face from frustration, "I told the Nazi kid to piss off! Why is that so hard to understand?" America grumbled and crossed his arms.

It was almost half past one in the morning. The meeting with Soviet was over so him and his son Russia were already long gone on their way home. Britain and France were just about to check up on Germany when they noticed he was nowhere in the house, not even anywhere near their property in fact. When they looked into Germany's room they found America passed out on the floor and when they asked about the child's whereabouts they found out that it was their eldest son who chased Germany away. To say that they were mad was an understatement, they were extremely disappointed and furious at America.

France was trying to stay calm and ask people in the neighborhood about Germany, but none of them saw the little boy that night at all. UK was getting ready to search for his foster son while still scolding America. "Pops it's not my fault the kid is annoying as shit!" America yelled from upstairs, grumbling to himself.

"You were annoying as shit too yet I still didn't tell you to piss off you bloody twat!" UK huffed and opened the front door, slamming it shut right after exiting.

America groaned to himself angrily and looked up at the ceiling. "Stupid kid.." he mumbled and rubbed his eyes before getting up from the floor. The American sighed and got his stuff, walking downstairs. America put his coat and shoes on, packing Germany's clothes in his backpack. "Dad!" He called out with a slightly annoyed hint to his voice, "I'm gonna search for the kid too!" America grumbled and opened the front door.

"Good! And apologize to him immediately if you find my little boy!" France yelled back with a relieved sigh. America rolled his eyes and walked out, looking down at the ground to look for footprints. "Jesus Christ pops, you're so dumb" America sighed as he looked at the small footprints in the snow leading to the woods, noticing the much bigger ones that lead into the opposite direction.

As America got further into the woods the footprints got less obvious from the fresh snow that was falling from the clouds and covering the trail that would lead him to Germany. The American yawned quietly and looked around, keeping his ears sharp for any suspicious noises. Eventually after a few minutes he heard a quiet sneeze from a tree behind him which made him turn around quickly. America stepped closer to the tree cautiously, walking around it until he found a small hole. "There you are.." he whispered and looked inside, sighing softly.

America carefully tapped on Germany's shoulder which made the little boy stir awake slowly. The German boy opened his eyes and glanced over at America what made him flinch and hide further in the tree. "Kid, now's not the time-"Germany cut America off with a quiet whimper.

"P-please don't h-hurt me! I p-promise not t-to be a bother a-a-again.." Germany whispered with a shaky voice, closing his eyes and turning away like he was expecting America to punch him. "I don't care a-about that kid, I need to take you home" America sighed and pulled his beanie down slightly, watching Germany carefully. "N-no, no, no.. I c-cant go h-home... I-I don't w-want to a-anger mister W-Washington" He whispered and started crying from fear, hiding his face as Fuchs started waking up.

America sighed and rubbed his hands together slightly while thinking, "Pops and Dad are worried sick for you Germ, they would hate me if I w-won't take you home.." he hummed and reached a hand in for Germany only for Fuchs to bite it slightly, quietly growling at the intruder. Germany shook his head quickly, "j-just tell th-them I'm d-dead! Nobody n-needs me a-alive anyway!"

America's eyes widened as seemingly everything went silent, the only sound was Germany's quiet sobbing. That's not something

you'd want to hear come from the mouth of someone with the mentality of a five year old. Even Fuchs noticed something was wrong since he began quietly whimpering and sniffling on Germany's face. The American stayed quiet for a few seconds before snapping out of his trance. "Germany please look at me.." he whispered softly. The small boy ignored him, wiping his cheeks and eyes quickly.

"Germany damn it please..." America whispered and watched Germany with sad and empathetic eyes. The German boy kept hiding his face, pushing Fuchs away gently what made him whine quietly. America sighed and closed his eyes, taking his beanie off to run a hand through his hair. "I'll let you play Uno with us next time. Heck, we can play Uno together when we get home too" the American said softly, "I promise I won't ever be mean t-to you Germ, please believe me" he added quietly and leaned his head on the bark of the tree.

Germany shook his head, crying even more. "Y-you're lying! I k-know you w-will hurt me a-again when we get home!" He sobbed and turned away from America angrily. The young adult flinched slightly and stayed quiet, looking away ashamed. America felt sorry for the little boy, his life was basically already hell and he has been just adding fuel to the fire, making it even worse.

"How about we make a deal? If you come home with me then I promise to call Canada over so you two can hang out. How does that sound? Oh, and I promise to not come so often so you can be in peace" America suggested kindly, placing a hand into the tree again. The German boy shook his head, calming down slowly, "I don't w-want that.. I j-just want y-you to accept m-me as a friend...." he sniffled and turned around slowly, his face and eyes red from all the crying. America sighed and nodded his head, smiling at Germany softly, "Anything for you bud" he said quietly.

Fuchs climbed closer to America and licked his hand, sniffling at it curiously. America chuckled and watched the pup play with his hand, gently petting his head, "so you found yourself a little friend huh?" the American asked and smiled at Germany. The small boy nodded and watched Fuchs happily, scratching his arm.

"Do you wanna take him home with us?" America asked sweetly, letting go of the cub. Germany nodded shyly and looked down. "Mom and Dad wouldn't allow it though.." he sighed sadly, petting Fuchs' head gently. America looked down but nodded his head, "I suppose you're right" he hummed and looked at the fox.

"Maybe we can visit Fuchs sometime?" America suggested and glanced up at Germany who was hugging the pup tightly, his eyes tearful and tired. The German boy nodded and kissed the top of Fuchs' head gently, "can w-we visit him every d-day?" He asked happily, his voice full of hope. America nodded, a small smile forming on his face, "of course we can" he said softly and ruffled Germany's hair slightly.

Germany smiled and looked down at Fuchs, letting him go so he wouldn't crush the poor animal. "We should go home now, it's getting late" America pointed out and glanced up at the cloudy sky. Germany nodded and watched the fox, staying completely still like he was a statue, "I'm cold.." he whispered quietly. America hummed understandingly and slid his backpack off, zipping it open and pulling Germany's jacket, scarf, boots and his winter hat out, "Here you go buddy" he hummed and gave the little boy his things.

"Thank you" Germany said happily and put his boots on, turning to America after he slipped his arms through the sleeves of his jacket, "Mom always zips it up for me because the zipper gets s-stuck in the fabric.." The young German mumbled and climbed closer to America who made a quiet sound of adoration. "Let me help you then" he said and smiled to himself as he zipped the jacket up. Germany grabbed his scarf and wrapped it around his neck, taking his hat and pulling it on his head. "Warm.." he giggled quietly and played with a loose thread on his scarf.

"Ready to go home Germany?" America asked kindly and reached an arm into the hole to take Germany's hand. The little boy nodded and glanced down at Fuchs once again, petting his head, "goodbye my f-friend" he whispered softly and waved farewell to the animal which sniffed the air, looking up at Germany slightly confused. The boy looked away not to be sad, hiding his face.

America pulled Germany out of the hollow tree carefully and kept

holding him, "the snow is a bit deep, I don't want you to get lost so I'll carry you" he explained and grabbed his backpack. The little boy nodded and wrapped his short arms around America's neck, looking around curiously. The young adult made his way home with Germany in his arms, checking on him every once in a while.

After a few minutes they got back to the town, Germany already deep asleep from America's warmth. The American smiled softly and walked up to the door through the yard. France immediately opened the door for them once he saw his son from the window. "O-oh thank god you f-found him!" He said relieved and placed a hand on his chest. America sighed quietly and rolled his eyes, "he's sleeping, please don't be loud" he mumbled annoyed by France.

France looked at America surprised but stepped away so he could carry the little boy to his room, "Thank you America" the Frenchman whispered and smiled softly. America glanced down at Germany again, a smile forming on his face, "it's no biggie, I was glad to help" he hummed nonchalantly and walked up the stairs, taking Germany to his room.

America pushed the door open with his foot, stepping inside and sighing quietly, "We're here little one" he whispered and laid Germany down on his mattress, slipping his small boots off and placing them beside the bed. The young adult kept watching the little boy for a few more minutes before quietly sneaking out of the room, "sleep well" he sighed, finally closing the door and shuffling to the living room to sleep on the couch.

☆˚ +。★。+ ˚ ☆˚ +。★。+ ˚ ☆˚ +。★

Feels unfinisheeeed

France x Britain

[image]

Uhm good morning my beans, this is your daily dose of entertainment by your one and only forint (□ω□ `)

This ship was requested by MynameisAppleUWU

I actually really like this ship, but y'all know my chaotic self ¯_(ツ)_/¯

Had to re-upload because I got their username wrong :(

☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★

France rushed through the garden of the castle with bare feet, her lover following close behind. Bright smiles were plastered on both of their faces, "come on! Hurry up Britain!" The young woman called, giggling softly.

"Shhh! You don't want the people to hear us, do you?" Britain chuckled and ran after France, catching up with her. France shook her head and adjusted her skirt, pulling it up to run easier, "where are we even going?" Britain asked curiously and raised an eyebrow. "You have asked me 15 times already! I will not tell you" France chuckled and looked up at UK with sparkling eyes. Britain's cheeks dusted a soft pink, glancing away from France shyly.

"At least do tell me how long we have to walk" Britain complained and rubbed his arm somewhat nervously. France smiled and shook her head once again, "it's a secret mon amour" she said and dropped her skirt to grab Britain's hand tightly, dragging him along.

"I remember how excited you were that day, you had no idea what I had in store for you" France laughed softly and kissed UK's cheek, rubbing his shoulders gently. Britain blushed and snorted quietly, "yeah sure, but don't pretend you weren't nervous either!" He

snorted quietly. France grinned to himself and pulled UK's hand up to his face, kissing it gently, "my handsome chéri" he whispered sweetly.

Britain and France were sitting at the small lake of the garden, simply enjoying each other's presence. "I wish we could do this more often, my dear" UK said with a quiet and gentle voice, looking up at France. "So do I, it would be a dream come true" she sighed and ran her fingers through Britain's soft hair, her fingers occasionally getting caught in the small tangles.

"You're the most beautiful woman I have ever met" Britain smiled and shifted on the grass slightly to look up at France from her lap, "if it were possible I would give you the whole world!" He exclaimed happily. France's cheeks turned red at that, making her chuckle softly, "but amour, I do not need anything or anyone else but you" she said lovingly and caressed Britain's cheek.

Britain blushed brightly and gulped, glancing away from his lover, "jeez, how can you get me flustered so easily?" He asked and covered his face. France giggled and leaned down to peck her lovers lips, "because you're my adorable teacup!" She giggled and kissed his nose.

Britain giggled and sat up, grinning at France sweetly, "I love you so much" he whispered and leaned closer to France's face. The Frenchwoman blushed, inching towards Britain's face until their lips almost touched, "catch me if you can" she whispered and got up quickly, running away from the lake as she laughed happily. "Hey!" He huffed and got up as well, rushing after France quickly as if he were a wolf hunting it's prey.

"I still don't know what the point was in leading me to the lake if you would run off anyway" Britain chuckled and shook his head slightly. "I wasn't exactly prepared.." France mumbled and rubbed his neck, his cheeks turning a crimson red from embarrassment. Britain giggled and smirked at France softly, "are you ever prepared darling?" He snickered and kissed France's nose who simply looked off to the side sheepishly.

UK smiled to himself and nuzzled France's neck, "I'm just joking my love, your surprise was amazing" he muttered against his husband's skin.

Britain looked around the garden, sighing disappointed because he still hasn't found France. "Darling! Where are you?" He called out but no response came. Britain decided to go back to the lake, maybe France was there waiting for him, but he soon enough found out that wasn't the case. UK sighed again and sat down on the moist grass, looking up at the stars hopelessly. "Amour? What are you doing here?" France asked softly, having come back since Britain hasn't found her even after 20 minutes. "You ran off and I just couldn't find you anywhere.." he whispered embarrassed and turned around to look at the lady, "you know it's only my second time here."

France's eyes widened slightly, she totally forgot that Britain has almost never been in the garden, "oh my lord! I'm so sorry mon amour!" She apologized quickly and covered her face. Britain chuckled softly and stood up, stepping over to France and wrapping his arms around her waist, "hey, it's okay dear. Let's get back inside" he whispered sweetly.

France shook her head quickly as her eyes widened, "no! You have to come with me first!" She said quickly, grabbing one of Britain's hands and dragging him somewhere. France led UK to a sort of maze, walking him all the way to the exit through the maze, knowing exactly where to turn. "I'm assuming you've gone through this maze many times before" he said and held France's hand gently, enjoying the contact. "Of course, I know every shortcut too.. and I also may have made some shortcuts myself whenever I was impatient" she chuckled and grinned at Britain softly.

The Brit blushed brightly and glanced away, scratching his neck nervously. France intertwined her fingers with Britain's, hurrying up a bit to get there sooner.

"Even back then you were like a little baby" France giggled and kissed UK's knuckles gently. Britain rolled his eyes and wrapped his legs around France's waist, "it's not my fault you were always so much more dominant than me."

France giggled and shrugged slightly, "yeah, I suppose I was" he grinned and pecked Britain's lips sweetly, cupping his cheeks. UK blushed and rubbed France's chest gently, "my sweet knight" he snickered quietly.

France sat Britain down in a chair, whistling for her friend to bring the food. She smirked to herself softly as she saw Britain's surprised expression. "I'm expecting extra money for this" Italy whispered to France and set some plates on the little table, lighting a long candle in middle of the table with a match, "have fun lovebirds" he chuckled and scurried off with the tablets.

"You planned all of this?" Britain asked and looked around, watching the fireflies floating above his head with an amazed expression. France sat down across from Britain and nodded slowly, "I did, do you like it?" She asked somewhat nervously. Britain grinned and nodded happily, "how could I not?" He hummed as he inhaled the scent of the food.

France smiled to herself proudly as she watched Britain, "let's get started shall we? I don't want the food to get cold" she said and took her fork and knife.

After half an hour when they were done with their dinner they started chatting. "So how does it feel like to be a real knight of the kingdom?" Britain asked curiously and tilted his head slightly. France smiled and sipped on her wine, tapping her fingers on the table, "it's actually really thrilling! At first they didn't want to take me in because I'm from a lower class but when they took notice of my skill in swordsmanship they decided to take me in to get trained further!" She said excited and grinned brightly.

"I'm glad you're happy my love" UK smiled and rubbed his neck. France watched Britain's face with a dreaming smile, blushing slightly, "thank you for believing in me mon amour" she whispered and got up from her seat, walking closer to Britain who was watching the fireflies again. "It's no problem my dear"

France took a deep breath before getting down on one knee, waiting for Britain to look down at her. When UK noticed that France wasn't standing next to him anymore he looked around, glancing down at her

confused, "what's wrong dear?" He asked worried.

"I know my life will never be complete without you beside me to share it. So, United Kingdom of Great Britain, would you make me the happiest woman on earth and marry me?" France asked and looked up at Britain with a hopeful and loving smile. Britain's eyes widened as he stared down at France, more specifically the golden ring in her hand. "O-oh my goodness.." he whispered and covered his mouth, nodding quickly and sliding down the chair to hug France, "O-of course I w-will marry you!"

France sighed relieved and hugged her love, kissing his face all over, "thank you" she grinned and squeezed Britain gently. UK sat down in France's lap and cuddled up to her chest as she slipped the golden engagement ring onto his finger. Britain closed his eyes and relaxed in the woman's arms.

"I love you my dearest" Britain whispered after a few minutes of peaceful silence. "je t'aime aussi mon chéri" she whispered and nuzzled Britain's cheek, smiling to herself happily.

☆˚ +。★。+ ˚ ☆˚ +。★。+ ˚ ☆˚ +。★

It's kinda short innit? Oh well, hopefully I'll get better at writing again 🧔

Anyway, in my headcanon France is a trans man I hope it's alright that I added that to my story 🧔❤

sad

[image]

P L *Poland x Hungary* **H U**

Something a bit different today
It's in first person for once, I like writing in first person it's easier

It's also a bit cringe and crappy but quantity over quality right?

☆˚ +。★。+ ˚ ☆˚ +。★。+ ˚ ☆˚ +。★

I looked down at my clothed hands, moving my fingers to make the joints pop and crack. I was exhausted already even though it was only half past two in the afternoon. My lack of sleep might be an excuse for that. I shifted my gaze to look at the snowy field surrounding me. I despise winters. It's cold, it's void of any of the pretty colors that the other seasons bring. Winter is boring. But what about the holidays and all the joy- don't even mention any of that. Nothing can change my mind about winter, not even some petty, stupid celebration that was ruined by companies profiting off of everything.

I never experienced the joy of Christmas. It was always just people wasting their money on dumb gifts. Just as I was about to keep ranting in my mind I caught a glimpse of something colorful in the sea of the white, cold pest. It was a person marching through the snow. It seemed like they were pulling a sled with them. They were wearing a bright red jacket that easily stood out. I couldn't recognize them from the bench I was sitting on. They were fairly short, so I assumed it was a child who got lost on their way home.

I pondered wether or not I should call out for them. I watched the person for a little longer in silence until they tripped and fell into the freezing but undoubtedly soft snow. They let out a yelp as they landed face first into the snow blanket. I stifled a laugh as I watched them struggling to stand up again. The 'kid' dusted themselves off and looked around, spotting the bench i was sitting

on. They watched me for a few seconds as if they were thinking. The more I look at the stranger the more curious I get. I wonder where they are going at this time. All the other children were at school right now. And yes, I should be at school too, but honestly who cares about education. The person turned away from me and began walking again. They looked so tired. Their steps were void of any energy. I assumed they must be in need of a short rest.

My gaze shifted to the bench. There was plenty of space for another person to sit down, and I bet the little guy could even lay on the bench. With a heavy sigh I rose up from my seat. I have made up my mind: I can't bear to see that kid walk around like that in the freezing cold. I don't know what made me want to help them, but something inside of me pulled me closer to the stranger.

"Hey! Come rest a bit," i called out for the person after stepping a little closer. They turned around slowly and looked up at me with swollen and red eyes. I swallowed thickly as I watched the strangers face. "Hi," I spoke up again, my voice cracking slightly as I looked into the pair of emerald green eyes that seemed to entrance me. Those sad eyes made my heart drop into the pit of my stomach like a heavy rock. I wanted to look away but I was unable to. He averted his gaze, rubbing his hands together. "Hi.." he croaked after a few seconds, stepping backwards to distance himself from me. Oh no, please don't be scared of me.. the stranger clenched the rope attached to his little sled in his fist. I panicked and jumped back slightly. Oh fuck. I must be scaring him.

I took a deep breath as I kept studying his face like my life depended on it. His bangs covered his forehead and partially his eyes as well as he kept staring at his boots. I didn't know why but I wanted to hold him close to myself. Why was I thinking such things?

He looked so helpless and weak as his frail body shivered from the cold wind. His sad eyes had me captivated. I have never felt this way before. I'm not even sure if I liked the feeling.

"You can sit on the bench with me. If - if you want to of course," I said to the boy, trying to keep my voice low since I wouldn't forgive myself if I'd scared him away. The stranger nodded his head almost

hesitantly, sniffling quietly from the cold. A smile spread across my face. I don't know why but my heart skipped a beat. Or maybe even two. I began walking back to the bench, waiting for the boy. He sat down on the bench silently, dropping the rope on the ground. My eyes stayed on him while I sat down next to him. As I was about to speak up again I noticed a small tear trickling down his flushed cheek. This poor little guy must've had a horrible day. I could feel my heart clenching at the sight. I wanted to pull him close to me. I wanted to cheer him up so bad but I didn't know how. The fact that I couldn't help the boy next to me made my heart ache more.

He kept staring at his lap the whole time, not making a single sound. I wanted to hear that sweet voice of his again. I needed to hear him again. "What's your name?" I asked quietly, my left leg bouncing up and down from how nervous I was. The boy next to me wiped his tears, turning his head to look away from me, "Hungary..." he sniffled and rubbed his hands together. Hungary. What an unusual name.

"Nice to meet you," I said softly and shifted to get closer to him, "I'm Poland." Hungary nodded his head. I took a deep breath and turned my head to take my eyes off of him. After a few minutes of us sitting in complete silence, Hungary moved a bit closer to me. He leaned his head on my shoulder. I could feel his body tremble. I felt the need to ask him why he was out here in the cold at this time. He was barely wearing anything appropriate for the weather. I wanted to know why he was so sorrowful. I wanted to know everything about this boy. But I'd let him rest now. He deserved to rest. Hungary closed his eyes and pressed his lips together. I pulled the beanie covering my head off to put it on top of his head. He let out a quiet sneeze, burying his face in my arm. "Are you cold?" I asked softly and wrapped my free arm around him. I could feel him nod slightly against my arm, making me pull him even closer. He looked so sweet and innocent. So pure.

After even more time has passed he pressed himself closer to my body. If only I had a home where I could take him. I would let him sleep in my bed for as long as he needed. I would bring him breakfast every morning and cook him warm stew for dinner.

I moved my hand up and down his body, rubbing his back as an

attempt to keep him warm. I would take care of him like a mother. Or at least, how I think a mother would take care of her child. I could walk him to school and pick him up after his classes. A quiet, distressed noise made me snap out of my thoughts, "c-cold.." Hungary sniffled and began shivering again. The sky got a bit darker as the clouds forced the sun to hide. I couldn't help but shudder as well now. I pulled my big coat off to cover my newfound friend with it. I didn't care that I was cold, at least I wouldn't have to see Hungary freeze. After a few minutes I fell asleep, hugging the boy in my arms close.

☆˚ +。★。+ ˚☆˚ +。★。+ ˚☆˚ +。★

And then they died because of the cold

✧Sick Baby✧

[image]

Repost
I wrote this like a year ago and it made me feel nice when I was rereading it now
Ship: PolAusHun
Also, it fits bc I'm sick rn and i want someone to do these things for me because I can barely get out of bed
I_wuv_her It's our favorite ships mashed together :3
☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★

Hungary's whole body was trembling from the cold. Or so Austria thought. Austria has already turned the heater to the max, having Hungary tucked in with more than enough blankets. The Hungarian just didn't seem to stop trembling though. Austria sat down on the bed next to the other to caress his head, running his fingers through Hungary's greasy hair. Hungary breathed out quietly and curled up a little more, tugging at the blankets to pull them over his head so his whole body was covered.

Austria let out a disappointed sigh as he moved off the bed, shuffling out of the room to bring the older some more warm tea. The sound of his slippers sliding on the laminate floor of the apartment echoed through the halls as he entered the kitchen. He wiped his runny nose before the warm fluid could escape his nose, getting his sweater sleeve wet. He'd rather get his cheap sweater wet then risk the mix of snot and tears get into Hungary's tea, he wouldn't want to make him even more disappointed. Austria swallowed dryly and put a little honey into the tea, mixing it with a long teaspoon. He bought teaspoons with long handles for himself, they made him feel better while stirring Hungary's tea, or sometimes his morning coffee.

He knew he was being over dramatic. He knew Hungary wasn't mad at him. He just liked to pretend that Hungary was upset at him, making him hurt his own feelings. He should've known by now that

it's not always his fault when the older is upset. In fact, it's almost never his fault. Hungary was just going through things, and his way of coping was to get distant.

Austria flinched suddenly, placing the cup down on the counter quickly. He got so distracted by his thoughts that he forgot he was still holding the hot cup. He looked down into the cup, watching the orange-ish colored liquid. Austria took the spoon and placed it in the sink, pulling the sleeves of his sweater down to cover his hands to protect himself from the heat coming from the cup. The country made his way back to the bedroom, making slow and careful steps to not spill any of the hot tea.

Austria pushed the door open slowly and snook to the bed, placing the cup on the bedside cabinet. He looked at the other cups and mugs on the cabinet, smiling gleefully when he saw that Hungary had drank from one of the cups. He took the other cups with cold tea that were still full, bringing them back to the kitchen, pouring their contents out. Austria began cleaning the porcelain mugs and cups carefully, drying them with a piece of cloth right after. He shuffled back to the bedroom tiredly after he was done. Austria smiled sweetly and walked over to the sleeping Hungarian, pressing a shy kiss to his forehead, "Gute Nacht mein Schatz," he whispered and walked over to the couch in the room, laying down on it. Austria thought Hungary would feel better if they slept separately, so he decided to sleep on the couch to give Hungary more space.

The next morning Austria woke up late, getting up quickly to make Hungary something for breakfast when he noticed that he was gone. His eyes widened as realization hit him, his whole body tensing up. Somebody must have kidnapped him! Or even worse, murdered him! Austria hurried over to the bed to investigate, perking up when he heard sounds coming from the bathroom. He gulped nervously and bit the inside of his cheek as he made his way out of the bedroom hesitantly, moving towards the bathroom on his tiptoes to stay as quiet as he could.

"You must be exhausting as shit to Austria," Poland's voice spoke up from inside the bathroom, making Austria gasp quietly from surprise. He didn't know Hungary would have any guests over today- wait why is he in the bathroom with Hungary?! Austria's

cheeks turned red from jealousy and something else he couldn't quite pinpoint. He peeked inside, seeing Hungary sitting in the bathtub with Poland sitting next to him on a little stool beside the bathtub, washing the Hungarian's hair. Poland snorted quietly and smirked at Hungary, "that poor boy is trying his best, someone should show him some appreciation," he snickered, making Hungary frown.

"I-I don't know how... I saw him smile y-yesterday and it broke my h-heart.." Hungary whispered and closed his eyes to keep himself from crying, "he deserves someone w-who makes him happy," he added and hiccuped quietly, tilting his head to the side. Poland only chuckled again and patted Hungary's cheek with his free hand, "and who made him smile yesterday?" He asked and made Hungary look at him. The smaller country opened his eyes slightly and shrugged, "t-the cup I drank out of made him smile.." he explained and closed his eyes again. The Polish man nodded and smiled to himself proudly, "you drank out of the cup! He's happy because you drank some of the tea he made you!" He exclaimed cheerfully and went back to washing Hungary's hair.

Hungary pulled his legs up to his chest and looked down, "I g-guess.." he whispered and hiccuped again. Poland hummed a tune and washed the shampoo out of Hungary's hair, pulling the drain plug out once they were done. Poland carefully lifted Hungary out of the bathtub, rolling his eyes, "please remind me to take my shirt off next time, I'm all wet because of you now" he chuckled and sat Hungry on the bathroom counter where he already placed a towel for the other to sit on. Hungary grumbled to himself annoyed and rubbed his closed eyes with the heels of his palms, "I f-feel like a toddler," he complained and huffed quietly. The bigger country snorted again and began drying Hungary's body off with another towel, ruffling his hair with the towel at the end. Hungary mumbled something incoherent and leaned forward to peck Poland on the lips.

Austria stumbled backwards and covered his mouth quickly, his eyes widening. "Did you hear something?" Poland asked and handed Hungary some freshly washed and ironed clothes that were comfortable enough to sleep in, stepping towards the door to check

what the noise was. Austria panicked and ran back to the bedroom, jumping on the bed and covering himself with the blankets. He put a hand on his chest where his heart was to calm down, trying to breathe calmly. After not even a minute Poland and Hungary entered the room, staying completely silent. Austria could hear nothing else other than the sound of breathing, making him grow nervous. What would they do now, would they hurt Austria because he caught them? Would Hungary break up with him now?- "Austria" Poland said softly and grabbed the blanket, slowly pulling it away to look at Austria. The small country covered his face shyly, "I-I promise I won't t-tell anyone what I saw!" He said quickly and bit the inside of his cheek again, squeezing his eyes shut from fear. Hungary gave a small smile and sat down next to the smaller country, pulling him into his lap carefully. Uncovering his face with a bit of hesitation, Austria leaned back against Hungary and looked up at him, "y-you aren't mad at me..?" He asked with a quiet and small voice. Hungary shook his head and hugged Austria's waist gently. "Why would we be mad at you?" Poland chuckled and shook his head slightly, "if anything, you should be mad at us," he added and patted Austria's head gently.

Austria's cheeks dusted a soft red what made him cover half of his face with a pillow so only his eyes were visible, "w-why?" He asked obliviously and looked up at Hungary and Poland confused. Poland blinked a few times but laughed softly and shook his head again, "you saw us kiss didn't you?" He hummed and scooched closer to the two. Hungary rubbed his eyes again and leaned his head on Poland's shoulder. Austria nodded slowly but looked down again, "I'm sorry for e-eavesdropping on you," he apologized embarrassed. Poland shook his head and took one of Austria's hands gently, "we're sorry for not telling you about us," he said and looked away a little awkwardly, "I just realized how bad the situation really is-" "Oh I-I've already known" the Austrian said calmly and played with Poland's hand. The Polish stayed stunned for a few seconds before speaking up again, "really? How?" He asked dumbfounded.

Austria giggled softly and leaned his head on Hungary's chest, "I see the way you two look at each other.. I want someone to look at me like you look at Hungary too," he said innocently and yawned quietly, his eyes fluttering shut. Poland breathed out through his

nose, a smile forming on his face as he laid the two of them down on the bed.

"You won't have to search for much longer then..."

☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★

SHAWTY

I THINK I FOUND IT

ITS THEM WHO MAKE MY HEART GO *SOB*

(18. July 2022: I agree, they do make my heart sob)

Pol x Hun

[image]

Aw it's kinda cute
And short
This was drafted, but i was very proud of it at some point so here y'all go

_____

The two men peacefully sat on the porch of their shared little cottage in the middle of the woods.
They had found it a long while ago while on a walk together late at night.
It looked very old and abandoned, since nobody has probably lived in it for 5 decades. So they decided on moving into the adorable tiny cottage.

Poland gently caressed the small Hungarians head which was laying in his lap like it was a cat. He could've sworn Hungary also purred at some point, but that was totally normal. This is Hungary we are talking about.

Poland closed his eyes and let out a soft, content sigh. Everything was so perfect, he didn't ever want this moment to end. Hungary sat up and leaned his head on the polish mans shoulder looking down at their hands. Poland turned his head with a smile and kissed Hungarys head. Well, more like buried his face in Hungarys soft fluffy hair but he didn't mind.

Hungary grabbed the taller mans hand gently and stroking it with his thumb, admiring the semi-shiny silver band on his ring finger.

"I love you," whispered Hungary, shifting to face Poland, giving him a soft, tender kiss on the lips. Poland couldn't help but smile into their shared kiss.
They both pulled away, gazing into each others eyes with dumb grins on their faces.

Poland broke the comfortable silence at last with a quiet giggle. Hungary soon followed, laughing along with his lover.

After calming down, Poland pecked the Hungarians cheek, standing up to go back inside. He grinned down at the shorter man, holding out his hand to help the gremlin up.

Hungary took his fiancé's hand, letting himself get helped up by his love.
They didn't let go after, walking back into their home hand in hand with genuine, happy smiles and warm hearts.

Austria & Hungary💕

[image]

notice how it's & and not x?
It's bromo
And yayyyy its angsty fluff I guess idk
sigh I love them-
_____-

The rain was pouring heavily from outside the window.
Hungary sat there at the windowsill, quietly watching the raindrops hit the glass.
It was supposed to be a sunny day, with no sign of rain at all, yet here he sat inside watching the tiny drops of water fall from the clouds.
Him and Poland would joke around, saying that the clouds were actually pissing, which of course was very silly but it was funny to them.

The Hungarian heard a faint knock on the door before his roommate walked in.
Austria made his way over to the slightly (only by like 2cm) taller boy and sat down on the huge ass beanbag randomly lying in Hungarys room.

"What's bothering you, Ungarn? You've been awfully quiet all day," the older Austrian asked, worried for his friend.

Hungary slightly shifted his position, wrapping his arms around his legs and laying his chin on his right knee, looking down at the other with his seemingly always tired single eye.

"I think Poland doesn't like me anymore.." he murmured quietly, looking away from the Austrian again.

Austria sighed softly, crawling closer to the window, dragging the beanbag behind him to sit down again once he's closer to his friend.
He carefully grabbed Hungarys arm, gently pulling him down to sit with him on the gigantic beanbag. (Holy fuck-)

"Noo, Ausztria. I want to watch the rain," he groaned. Although his voice sounded tired and sad he still wore a little smile on his face.

"You can watch from here too! Besides it's way more comfortable here than by the cold window," Austria argued, wrapping his arms around the Hungarian to keep him from climbing back on the windowsill.

After a minute of them getting comfortable on the fucken thicc beanbag, Austria broke the silence again,"why do you think he doesn't like you?"

"I don't know, he's just- I feel like he's ignoring me.." Hungary shrugged.

"Maybe he's busy?" Austria suggested.

"I don't think so, I mean, a week ago he said he wanted to hang out today because he finally got a day off from work.." Hungary trailed off, "but he's been ignoring me for the past two days,"

Austria stayed quiet for a short minute, "what if he's just stressed because of work? You know how much work he gets lately and it can easily stress him out. Not everyone is like Deutschland, who can finish all his work in one day with the help of 40 cups of coffee, which is not very healthy by the way-" he got cut off by Hungary.

"You aren't much better yourself, Ausztria!" He snickered quietly.

"Haha, very funny, Ungarn. You should stop drinking so much alcohol then," the Austrian said with a chuckle.

"Well anyway, as I was saying: Polen still loves you, he's just having a bad week," Austria told the Hungarian with a soft smile, hugging him and nuzzling his soft hair.

"Bro?" Hungary asked after a few minutes of silence where the Austrian was playing with Hungarys hair.
The older hummed softly.

"I'm tired," the Hungarian responded, stifling a yawn as he cuddled closer to Austria.

"I know, buddy. Just try not to fall asleep on me again please," Austria laughed awkwardly, still playing with his friends hair in a soothing way.

After a few more minutes he could hear faint snoring coming from the boy laying on his lap. He looked down to see Hungary fast asleep, drooling in his sleep like a baby.

Well fuck, Austria will not sleep in a bed tonight.

_____-

Sigh, I was proud of this one last night/at three am today
Now I just hate it

Ame (x) Russ💕

[image]

America came home late again.
Bunch of hickeys littered on his neck, hickeys that were definitely not from Russia.

He closed the door as quietly as he could to sneak up into their room and cuddle up with his fiancé. Before he could turn around though the lights turned on, a very angry and tired looking russia standing in the hallway by the light switch. America gulped.

"Where were you?" Russias cold, deep voice broke the loud silence. Americas ears were ringing, he felt like he was suffocating.

He slowly looked up at the Russian, thinking that making eye contact would calm him but he was terribly wrong.
America felt weak in the knees, he couldn't think of what to say.

He was always so terrified of this. He never wanted this but deep down he knew it was bound to happen. Still, he hoped Russia would have mercy on him.

"You aren't even gonna say anything?"

The shorter slowly lowered himself to the floor and sat still, head hung low with his eyes screwed shut.
He could feel the tears already swell in his eyes.

He heard the Russian put on his long warm coat he used to give him when he was cold in the winter.
All the times they used to go walk in the park not far away from their apartment on cold December nights. Whenever America was so cold he was shaking and shivering, Russia would give him that coat, much to Americas disapproval.

The tears started flowing from Ames eyes, running down his cheeks.

America then heard a bunch of keys hitting the wood of the little table in the hallway, they were Russias keys, wait- oh no.

"America this just isn't working out. I've given you so many chances yet you always fuck up," he didn't sound mad, just very disappointed, and honestly that made America feel even worse.

"Listen Америка, блядь- I still love you, okay?" Russia chocked out, his voice cracking.

After that it was silent. Russia was trying to calm down and gain his composure again while America was just trying his hardest not to start sobbing violently and beg Russia to stay.

"We can't do this, America. You're not ready for a commitment," Russia began again coldly. He looked down at America again.

"Russia please, don't do this- give me another chance. I can't- I can't live without you," he tried telling him between sobs.

The tall Russian pulled the ring off his finger and puts it next to the keys with slow hands, being much more gentle with the small object than the keys he basically just threw on the table.

America didn't dare to make any noise anymore, he was scared of even moving. He felt like banging his whole body against the wall he was leaning on until he passed out.

Taking one last glance at America, Russia turned the key in the lock to open the door and leave one last time, slamming the door shut behind him.

"I'm so sorry"

———————-

Basically pulled this out of the dumpster of my brain.
It feels unfinished and trashyyyy

Germ x Ame

[image]

My brain is like write something write something write something
So that's what I'm doin

Also lmao germs is baby but we need more cursed Germany images thank you for coming to my ted talk I'm dumb

month old headcanon: America and Germany were roommates for a while at some point.

And sorry for all the France being best friends with Germs, they are close but more like in a brotherly relationship, idk it's just west Deutschland blah blah blah and the EU and stuff ugh don't question my logic, plus France is like king of göth.

Keep in mind: relations and age don't make any sense ✌

Germany is a gothic baby boy but nobody knows that yet (America was actually a scene kid when that used to be cool 😒 YES HE LISTENED TO PANIC AT THE DISCO LIKE THERES NO TOMORROW-)
————-

"Hey Deutschland! I was wondering if you wanna-... what the hell are you wearing?"
When America came into Germany's room he was definitely not expecting to see him wearing what he was.
He was dressed... not the way he usually is. Germany looked to the door America was standing at, staring at him with a clearly annoyed expression.

"Make it quick Meri. France is going to be here soon." He said looking back at himself in the mirror, applying more.. black stuff around his eyes. America really wasn't a makeup expert (yet).

The very confused American looked at Germany more. He was

wearing very very black clothes. America didn't mind that, he wore a bunch of dark clothes too but this was obviously something entirely different. His black leather jacket was covering his arms for the most part, but he could still catch a glimpse of the fishnet sleeves of the top he was wearing. The top looked very tight fitting on Germany's torso, his slim, feminine figure showing perfectly.

His pants were pretty basic, simple leather pants matching his jacket. A spiky belt with chains in different sizes were dangling from it around his gorgeous skinny waist- oh god America was drooling. He was just about to wipe his chin with his arm when the German threw a tissue pack at his face, giving him a side glance.

"Horny bastard." Germany mumbled, going back to putting the black stuff around his eyes and do some other shit on his face.

After wiping his mouth, he stuffed the tissue into his back pocket, the little packet still awkwardly in his hand though. He began checking the young German out again. He was wearing platform boots that were full off weird straps that definitely had no other purpose than to make it look cool. He disliked the fact that the boots made Germany almost as tall as him, he liked teasing the German about his height.

America didn't even notice he was moving forward until Germany touched his cheek with a cold hand, making him look down at the Germans worried face. The shorter males usually pushed back hair was hanging in his face, making him look adorable as fuck. Germany was also wearing a few chokers, one had little spikes on it, another one was slightly glittery, and the biggest one had a hoop in the middle. America licked his lips, thinking of clipping a leash to the shiny ring and- *no no no no America think of puppies or something- wait no don't think of dogs*.

Germany noticed his tall friend avoiding eye contact and slowly pushing him away. "Do I really look that bad?" The younger asked, looking down at his hands and fidgeting with his fingers. "Wha-? Oh! No, no, Germany that's not- you look amazing, really, It's just that I was not expecting you of all people to be into this kind of thing- well, style, I guess. Heh." America rambled, scratching at the back of his neck and giggling awkwardly.

The German boy nodded his head sadly and walked back to the mirror to fix his clothes and to ruffle his already messy hair even more.

"Guess I should go, France is probably waiting for me already." Germany mumbled quietly, keeping his head down. He shuffled past America to go downstairs. Feeling guilty, the older followed his friend quickly and stopped him by grabbing his arm firmly but still gently. "I don't think dad- I mean France is here yet, he would ring the doorbell or text you to come," America exclaimed, his tone was almost pleading like he needed Germany to stay, "and I wanna apologize for my reaction, you look really really cool! I was just extremely surprised, that's all..."

The younger smiled up at America, wrapping his arms around his neck. Germany suddenly felt this weird urge to kiss the American, but he wouldn't do that of course, that would make everything awkward. But at the same time, America always insists that it's not gay to kiss the homies. It would still be weird because of the huge crush Germany had on America. So instead he leaned up to plant a soft, shy kiss on the taller ones cheek.

America began blushing slightly, his eyes widening and his mouth open to say something only for nothing to come out. The two got startled by the doorbell ringing and an impatient France knocking on the window, wiggling his eyebrows. France was dressed similarly to Germany, bunch of black clothing. Before pulling himself off the American, Germany gazed at his handsome face for a few more seconds.

France randomly pulled a piece of cardboard out of nowhere (his own fucking ass), taking a sharpie that he got from god knows where (also his ass), and started scribbling something on it. When he was finished he put the cardboard to the window for them to read: "Don't fuck my son, wait until marriage. Btw we gtg Germany". America's blush got even darker now, folding his arms and glaring at France.

Germany pulled himself away from America and skipped to the door. He turned back around one last time to wave to his flustered friend shyly before joining France to go wherever they were going.

America held his head in his hand and contemplated.

————-
What even was this
They are getting worse and worse wtf

🌙*Rest*🌙 (Poland x Hungary)

[image]

This OS is nothing but self indulgent bullshit, so it's kinda messy. Not beta read bc I don't feel like pushing my depressing ass polhun agenda on anyone rn😓

If you don't like angst please don't read this. It has a bittersweet ending so it's not that bad though, but still, better safe than sorry. Also tw for major character death and war setting.

☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★。+˚☆˚ +。★

Hungary opened his swollen and tired eyes, staring up at the ceiling in the comfort of his silent room. Making sure he didn't put any pressure on his aching muscles he shifted into a sitting position slowly, the covers slipping from his frame. He swallowed the saliva gathering in his mouth, being careful as he climbed out of bed to spare his fresh wounds and scars on his body. He was in a lot of pain. Everything hurt. He was shot twice in his stomach. He ran to a ticking bomb to save one of his allies. He was ran over by a group of soldiers trying to escape the battlefield, being trampled on carelessly. A German soldier found him lying in the mud like a dead animal, whining and whimpering to be saved.

He was carried to a bunker to get treated before finally being sent home to get treated by his own people there. He was still in agony though, no matter all the efforts of the medics and doctors. Hungary's left arm felt completely limp and his back was covered in a nasty burn scar. Yes, he was in a lot of pain, but all the physical pain couldn't compare to the pain he felt inside. Hungary received the news a few days ago, not at all expecting anything when a lieutenant came into his room with the mail. Nothing was out of the ordinary other than the pity and apologetic glint in the others eyes. Hungary was about to question until he saw a letter that was sent from a Polish address, along with a little package that looked all tattered and old, but still intact. He ripped the letter open and the lieutenant left to give him some time alone. He feared the worst, his

hands shaking and heart clenching as he read through the letter once.. then twice.. reading over it again and again. It couldn't be true.

My dearest Hungary,

I can only pray you won't ever have to read this letter. This unfortunately is my very last letter to you, since this writing means I have passed away. As I am writing my thoughts down, I can't help but think of your beautiful smile which never fails to brighten my day, even in such scary and dark times. There is no doubt that even in my last seconds I imagined you and I being together one last time. I often wake up late at night from the nightmares plaguing my mind, and it is the thought of your gentle hands caressing me that lulls me back to sleep. My brain is filled with you, with your voice, with memories of you with me...

Because you, my dearest Hungary, are the most important person in my world. One day we will be together again, i promise you this. This might come as a surprise to you, kochaine, but I've been planning our future together. I imagine us living together in our own little home with as many puppies you want. I imagine us raising our children together. Us growing old in each other's company. I hope you can forgive me for not telling you sooner, and I hope you will forgive me for being too much of a coward to tell you sooner.

Before we can start our lives together it's only fair we officially belong to each other, at least I think so. You received a package with this letter, I hope you weren't impatient and read the letter first or else the surprise is ruined.

The package contains a little box with our engagement ring inside. You must hate me for not telling you sooner, since I've honestly had the ring for almost two years now, but I hope you'll have forgiven me once we meet again. I cannot really ask you to marry me now, but if you wish you could keep it.

I love you so much, my dear Hungary. Kocham cię.

Yours faithfully,
Polska

Hungary bit his tongue and held his tears back the best he could, reaching to the package to open it with clumsy and impatient hands, weaker than usual. He managed to rip the entire packaging off the handcrafted wooden box, lifting the lid as he exhaled shakily. He reached inside for the silver band with little stones imbedded into the middle, breaking down into sobs at the small object.

Hungary shuffled to his desk, lowering himself on the creaking wooden chair slowly. He felt weak and exhausted, understandably so. He looked around in his drawers to search for his fiancé's old letters, his expression undeniably the one of pain and deep sorrow. Placing a neat stack of old letters on the desk he took a deep breath and rubbed his eyes with the heels of his palms. He let out a tired sigh before lightning a few of the candles on his desk with a match, reaching for the first letter after he was done. Hungary was no idiot, he knew he didn't have long to live anymore, and if his beloved spent his last few moments fighting for him and thinking of him, he would honor his lover by doing the same. He scanned over the neatly written letters, admiring Polands effortlessly beautiful handwriting. Hungary's calligraphy was quite the opposite, he always rushed to write down his thoughts, as if he was spitting out every single word the moment it came to mind. Poland never mentioned whenever he found minor mistakes in the letters he got, cherishing them despite their flaws. Just like how he cherished Hungary, despite all his flaws. The Hungarian grabbed his fountain pen and a piece of scrap paper laying around, thinking for a few moments before beginning to write his response.

This time he decided to think before spilling his thoughts onto paper, collecting his thoughts of what he wanted to tell his lover. Hungary raised his hand to the piece of paper, letting his fingers glide across the page one final time.

Dear Poland,

You know I've always been dreading this day, fearing you would leave me for good. I could have never thought this day would come so soon. Your absence leaves an empty hole in my heart. I miss you more than anything already, I have been since the last time we met.

Although you might not roam this earth anymore, know that my heart will always belong to you. Thinking back on the night we met for the very first time makes me laugh from the absurdity. We started off as nothing but strangers, but became friends in the span of a few hours. Do you remember how everyone was suspecting there to be something more between us, and how we just brushed it off and laughed at their silly accusations? I felt that this might be something deeper than just a friendship from the very beginning, I was just too young and inexperienced to know what I was really feeling. I can still see the loving smile you gave me after I told you how scared I was of my feelings. To this day I can still feel your warm hands holding mine as you assured me with your kind words. You told me to stop worrying so much and that you'd always stay with me, forever and always.

Oh if only you knew of all the things I would do to feel your lips on mine one more time. I know soon I'll be with you, I can feel your presence closer with every passing minute. Once we're together again we can finally rest and be ourselves with no more fear, no more uncertainty. Maybe then we can live the life you've planned for us.

I love you with my entire heart, and I hope I'll be forgiven for not letting you know that enough times.

Yours truly,
Your husband

Hungary swallowed weakly and bent over his desk, letting his tears wet the paper and smudging the ink. He whined quietly and turned his head to the bed behind himself. His entire body was aching, his muscles were screaming for him to lay back into bed as he rose up from his seat. Hungary ignored the pain shooting through his body, looking down at his letter with a pained smile. He was in so much agony, if he didn't die this instant he would definitely at least pass

out from his pain. A quiet grunt slipped from his lips as he stepped backwards, falling back onto the bed. Despite his head feeling dizzy and his body weaker than ever he managed to climb into the middle of the bed, allowing himself to close his eyes and rest a bit.

After a few minutes he began waking up from his sleep, cuddling up to the warm body laying next to him, "You deserve to rest now kochaine.."

Bloodlust🫀(Romania x Hungary)

Hi it's me again, I wanted to publish this unfinished draft from around two years ago. I remember how much I loved this story but I'm not motivated enough to finish it :((

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There's not enough ch romhun on the market so clearly i had to take matters into my own hands👍 also faun hun but I gave up on making him nb

CW: gay, mildly spooky I guess, blowjob, explicit sexual content

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Hungary slid his hands along the wooden table next to him, small splinters threatening to stab into his calloused skin. It was that time of the year again, all malicious monsters were out for a hunt. The admittedly most dangerous time for a weak little creature such as himself. He would usually call Poland for some sort of protection, but that was out of question this time. Poland was busy, besides Hungary wouldn't feel comfortable to ask Poland for such a favor yet.

They've just started improving on their relationship again a few months ago. It wasn't that the faun didn't trust the Polish angel, he just had a feeling Poland would get the wrong idea. Not that it mattered anyways. Hungary had made preparations for this night few months prior, he was ready to defend himself and his most treasured belongings.

Hungary checked his bag once again if all his supplies were ready for use, checking the time on the grandfather clock once more nervously. He was prepared for mostly everything.

The moon rose to its highest point, shining down at the fields like a gigantic sparkling mirror. The sounds of diverse creatures roaming around was heard from outside Hungary's tree house. He stood alarmed, his hand already in his bag to grab anything that was necessary. Tiptoeing to the small windows and door as quietly as he could, he checked for any immediate danger. There seemed to be nobody around, just a couple of werewolves running across the field in the distance.

The faun let a relieved sigh escape his mouth, turning around to go upstairs to check from his sleeping area as it had a little balcony where he could look around further. As he reached his room the worry began fading. Maybe this night wouldn't be as bad as they usually are. Nothing has tried to take a bite out of him just yet, in fact there was no danger in sight!

Hungary smiled to himself proudly, his hands on his hips as he turned to get back down. He was aware that things could take a turn any second, but he was so glad the night started this well. Since everything went more smoothly than
he expected, he allowed himself to relax. Taking the bristle brush near his cauldron and dipping it into a potion he began cleaning his horns delicately and let his mind wander from reality.

The harmony of the wolves and wind howling in unison is what ultimately pulled Hungary out of his thoughts. The sound of the balcony's door shutting from the wind made him flinch and his heart began racing from realization.

Something has entered his home.

He could feel the presence, he knew he was no longer alone. Hungary broke out in cold sweat and reached into his bag with trembling hands, looking at the spiral staircase leading up to his sleeping area. A few quiet and dainty footsteps and then silence.

Hungary's eyes darted around anxiously, his hands feeling clammy as he backed up into the wall, waiting for anything to appear.

He indeed prepared himself for many creatures, but unfortunately not for all. He didn't count on a vampire of all godforsaken

monsters to show! Hungary assumed they think too highly of themselves to meddle with such barbaric beasts that hunt tonight.

Hungary gulped audibly, looking up at the vampire glaring down at him with bared teeth like a deer in headlights. Should he just run for it and try to escape? No doubt would the bloodsucker chase him down and kill him anyway. He decided on doing it nonetheless, slipping away from the vampire quickly, frantically searching for anything to successfully defend himself with. Hungary looked around panicked before admitting to himself that he, in fact, had no clue how to defeat a vampire. In his 500 years of living he did not once come in contact with vampires and he thought that's how it would stay for the rest of his life. He never felt the need to look up how to defeat vampires, since none lived around this area up until now apparently.

"It's no use faun, admit you can't fight me," the stranger behind him spoke up coldly, hovering above the floor and moving closer. Hungary sighed defeated and looked up at the Vampire, his hands holding the edge of the table nervously. The taller landed on the floor right in front of Hungary, reaching up to his face with an evil smirk and holding his chin, "I imagined you to be stronger.. and smarter," the Vampire teased, "your little human friends speak so highly of you, I really expected something more spectacular."

Hungary gritted his teeth and pulled his face away, an angered groan erupted from his throat. He was frankly not happy about this stranger knowing his human friends, despite them all being well able to defend themselves with whatever. Austria had grown up to be a strong fighter, he'd most likely have a weapon around if anything tried to attack him, Germany had Russia if things got out of hand. Still, he feels responsible for the humans he knows, he's aware of the danger he's putting them out to. Not only that, he felt so emotionally attached to these mortals, he wouldn't bear if either of them got hurt in any way. He watched them growing up for gods sake. "Another word of my humans and you're dust, you hear?" Hungary warned threateningly, surprising himself and the Vampire with the tone of his voice. His hand let go of the wood, smacking the others hand away annoyed. Huh, he wasn't aware he could be like this. "Who do you think you are, breaking into my home just to

offend me with your rude words?"

"Oh it's like that? The great faun is getting feisty huh?" The stranger kept teasing, clicking his tongue as he moved his hands to lean on the table, face inching closer to Hungary's, "I suppose we could start from the beginning, the name's Romania." The faun swallowed dryly as he tried to get away again, practically cornered at this point. Who was this Romania and where'd he get the audacity- "the purpose of my visit is to meet you, I'd like to get to know my neighbours," he continued speaking, loosening up a little but staying mere centimetres away from Hungary's face, much to his dismay. Whats the deal with this guy, was he a stranger to personal space? "Could you please.." Hungary muttered embarrassed and tried to push Romania back slightly, him not budging at all, surprisingly. "Your scent is just so intoxicating, dear Hungary," Romania purred and ignored the fauns plea, moving even closer and forcing him to climb on the table now. The two stayed like that in the uncomfortable position, probably only uncomfortable for Hungary anyway, for a little while until the faun cleared his throat, "well now that you've introduced yourself you might as well leave," Hungary spoke, trying to push Romania again but it's no use, he stood still like a statue nailed to the ground.

"I have an offer." Romania spoke after a few minutes of simply staring down at Hungary, making the smaller male flinch at the sudden sound. The faun shook his head no, attempting to climb away again only for Romania to take his hands, holding them still by pinning them to the wooden table, "hear me out faun." "I don't care about your offer, I don't need anything," Hungary sighed, his patience wearing thin from how persistent the Vampire was. Romania flashed his fangs, his mouth shaping into a wicked grin, "oh but you do," he purred evilly, leaning in slowly until he was dangerously close to Hungary's ear, forcing it to twitch from the cold breath on his sensitive skin, the jewellery attached to his ear jingling softly from the sudden movement. "I know you're scared of me, I can hear every single thought of yours. You're in dire need of my help little faun," he explained, drinking in Hungary's reactions like it was the most entertaining thing he has ever seen, "you want me to stay the night, you've been waiting for me." Romania hummed with a sultry purr, moving his hands up Hungary's arm

slowly.

Hungary yelped at the words slightly, his heart pounding against his rib cage. Was Romania trying to seduce him? He had to admit the Romanian did look exceptionally handsome and having someone around didn't sound too bad. "I can protect you from whatever might come tonight, you just let me have a little taste of you," Romania proposed with a soft hiss in his voice, leaning down further to Hungary's neck. The fauns cheeks flushed flustered, grabbing Romania by the hair swiftly and pulling his face away from his neck, "how do I know I can trust you? Maybe you'll kill me," Hungary spoke quietly, his eyes darting around the other man's face as if he was searching for an answer. Romania chuckled lowly and held Hungary's chin again, looking into his eyes, "I understand you don't trust me well yet but I can assure you, if I wanted you dead you would be long gone already," the Vampire explained, that being enough for the other to calm down, making him release his hair again hesitantly. The two continued staring into each others eyes until their lips met, the faun breathing out through his nose shakily as his hands slid up to Romania's shoulders, gripping them for some sort of leverage. The Vampire slipped his hands down to Hungary's waist, not hesitating to push his tongue inside the others mouth. Quiet whines and throaty groans echoed through the room as the two fought for dominance, Romania gaining the upper hand in the end. The faun pulled away after a bit, trying to catch his breath from the feverish kiss, catching Romania running his tongue over his canines impatiently, winking at him with a smug little smirk.

Hungary's flush returned, grabbing Romania by the sides of his head, smashing their lips together again embarrassed. Grunting softly Hungary wrapped his furry legs around the others waist, pressing his bare torso to the others clothed chest. He didn't know what got into him, what made him so desperate all of a sudden. He wouldn't give Romania the satisfaction of complete submission though, he still had some sense of dignity after all.

With his mind all fuzzy he couldn't even recall how they got this far. When and how he got on the floor in front of Romania he couldn't tell you. Romania took in the sight of the little faun below

him, holding him by the two ridged horns on top of his head. Hungary looked up at Romania from behind his lashes, retrieving a long thread of yarn from his bag which he set on the table in the meantime, reaching behind his head to pull his hair back and out of the way, tying it up in a quick and messy bun. Romania watched every move of the other carefully, his manhood straining against his elegant slacks already. He pushed Hungary's face closer to his crotch impatiently, glaring down at him with a dark expression, "you're in no position to tease me faun," Romania reminded lowly, pushing his hips forward. The faun rolled his eyes unamused, tugging on the Vampires trousers a bit, just enough for his erection to pop out from its confines.

Hungary's expression turned to the one of surprise, allowing himself to feel a little excited now. This should be fun. He opened his mouth wide, guiding Romania's shaft until his head met his warm tongue, the Romanian already hissing from the light touch. Hungary wrapped his lips around the intruders cock, trying to watch the vampires expression from the corner of his eyes, starting to enjoy pleasing the other. Feeling rewarded by the groans leaving Romania's mouth, Hungary moved with more confidence, pulling the fabrics lower so he could grab onto the soft flesh on the vampires thigh. Romania was practically melting under his touch, whining and moaning as Hungary bobbed his head and drooled all over Romania's dick. To Hungary's surprise Romania didn't push him to take more than he was, perhaps he's so lost in pleasure already he forgot he could easily yank the faun by the horns. Whatever the reason he was glad Romania wasn't forcing anything down his throat, he wanted to take his sweet time. The Hungarian pulled off slowly, trailing soft kisses along the length, rubbing the head on his lips before going at it once more. He jerked the base of the shaft, suckling on the tip teasingly as Romania's cock twitched more and more with every passing second, a pathetically loud moan leaving his lips as he blew his load in the fauns mouth.

Hungary pulled off and let the fluids flow out of his mouth, glaring up at Romania unamused by the lack of a warning, "so impolite, has your mother not taught you to be nice to strangers?" He grumbled displeased, standing up straight again with shaky knees. "Don't be like that now, you enjoyed this as much as I did," Romania

stuttered, swiping his tongue over his bottom lip right before he grabbed the shorter's face, pulling him in for another sloppy kiss. Hungary groaned quietly and pushed Romania onto the table, climbing on his lap hastily without breaking the kiss while undoing the buttons of the vampires vest clumsily. The sounds of wet smacks from their needy make out echoed through the room, the teasing and sensual touches lighting Hungarys senses on fire. He hasn't felt anything similar to this in so long, he felt like he'd been touch starved up until this moment. Romania read him like a book, pushing all the right buttons at the right time as if he's been practicing to do so for years. Suddenly he wasn't in the table in Romania's lap but hoisted up in the air instead with the vampire's strong arms wrapped around his waist.

Romania was the one to pull away from the kiss this time, kissing down Hungary's neck to his shoulders and collarbone. The vampire stumbled over to the nearest wall to press Hungary up to it, searching for his sweet spot with chaste kisses as he undid the loincloth around the fauns waist, letting it drop to the floor with a soft rustle. Romania glanced down between them, noticing Hungary's weeping erection, "oh you poor thing, such a sorry sight," he teased and fiddled with the tip, rubbing his index to the slit. Hungary but his lip to stifle a soft moan about to leave his mouth, carding his finger's through Romania's dark silky hair. He was getting so impatient he just wanted to get on with it already, grinding on the vampire with great desperation.

"I'll give you what you're craving for soon enough, don't rush it," Romania purred and grazed his teeth over Hungary's neck, delightfully listening to the fauns surprised moans. The taller pushed Hungary to the wall, grabbing his throat to restrict his movements, watching his face as he slid his free hand up to caress his cheek with his gloved hand. "Get on with it already," Hungary growled, his face a dark shade of maroon from the teasing.